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MR. GLADSTONE'S EDINBURGH ADDRESS.

WE owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE for having addressed to a Scottish audience a vigorous protest against a received commonplace of Puritan theology. It has already been objected to the late Rector's Essay on the Place of Greece in the Providential History of the World, that he is a great deal too tender towards that Heathendom which it has been the received fashion to consign to the uncovenanted mercies of God. Christianity, in the person of many of its apologists and the majority of its professors, has only regarded the Gods of Greece as devils, and their worshippers as, theoretically at least, meriting, and perhaps suffering, the severest wrath of the ALMIGHTY. ST. PAUL, it could not but be admitted, preaching the Gospel on Mars' Hill, held very different language; but the exigencies of controversy led later Christian doctors—of whom MILTON is not the most extravagant—to restrict God's care of human nature for many thousand years to the descendants of a single family, and the solitary possession of every fragment of truth to the inhabitants of an obscure Syrian district. But it is not necessary, in recognising for the Hellenic mind and race a providential place in the counsels of God, to adopt what we are told must be Mr. GLADSTONE's conviction, that all religions have an equal divine element. The exact thesis laid down by Mr. GLADSTONE is much narrower than this, and it has not been reserved for the eloquent CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to be the first to discover it. It is this; that whereas to the Hebrew race was committed, in an especial way, the care of that first and greatest of the Divinest oracles, the doctrine of monotheism, to others was given the privilege of teaching first, and expanding afterwards, the "humanistic element" of truth; that is, the dignity and glory of humanity. In the revelation, at the fulness of time, of the Gospel, and in the fact of the Incarnation of the SAVIOUR, were combined these two truths, and for the first time was revived the original Paradisaic doctrine or revelation which had been repeated to NOAH, and which was, in fact, the patriarchal religion in the ages succeeding the Flood.

It is obvious that, to support this theory, certain bases of facts are required. First, that the revelation rendered to NOAH did contain a humanistic element. Next, that this humanistic element was at least reserved, if not laid aside altogether, or even prohibited, in the Hebrew religion. Next, that the humanistic element, and this alone, formed the groundwork of that primeval Aryan religion out of which Hellenic mythology grew. Next, that this same humanistic element received its highest culture and development in the best period of the Hellenic race, and that this zenith was attained in the Homeric age. Lastly, that the culminating glory and express object of the Gospel was the reunion of the monotheistic and humanistic elements. Even, therefore, if we admit Mr. GLADSTONE's conclusion that the Greek spirit and action have had very much to do with the actual Christianity of the past and present civilization of the world, and that if it had not been for Greece, and HOMER too, we should not have been the same men we are, it is quite possible to contest every one of the points of argument laid down by Mr. GLADSTONE. *Post hoc* is not necessarily *propter hoc*.

To take these points in order. The humanistic element in primeval religion is contained in the prophecy that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. And, though this is not said, the promise of a Redeemer to the patriarchs again embodied this humanistic element. But in the Mosaic system "no provision," according to Mr. GLADSTONE, "was made for keeping alive this particular element of the original tradition." Two objections here seem to occur. Can the promise of the REDEEMER be said to be a humanistic element? And if it can, are we to

admit that the whole Mosaic system made no provision for keeping this "promise alive"? Theology tells us that the promise of the bruiser of the serpent's head was that of a Redeemer from the penalty of original sin, and that this promise was kept up in the Mosaic system by the rite of the Passover and the institution of sacrifice. It is, therefore, a controversy between Mr. GLADSTONE and theologians; and, as it stands, Mr. GLADSTONE's teaching, like Lord PALMERSTON's, has something of a Pelagian look. Not that, perhaps, in some minds, this would be a great objection to it; but, argumentatively, we fail to perceive either the humanistic element in the primitive religion recorded in the Book of Genesis, or that in the Mosaic system "every precaution was taken" to prevent the prominence of this humanistic element. Indeed, this latter position seems to be something like WARBURTON's wild hypothesis that the Mosaic dispensation must have been divine because it gave no knowledge of a future state; and it may be reasonably complained that it is a somewhat dishonouring view of God's providence which, in such important matters as the immortality of the soul and the humanistic element, purposely reserves them from the chosen people to whom were committed the oracles of God. But what are the facts upon which Mr. GLADSTONE founds this view of the proscription of the humanistic element in the Hebrew religion? The Second Commandment is, according to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, especially pointed against the execution by human hands of the human figure. The Second Commandment is directed against a certain use of the art of sculpture generally, not specifically; and what it condemns is every sort of imagery, that of beasts as well as of men, for a specific purpose—that of worship. One would think that Mr. GLADSTONE read the Second Commandment as it is printed in the English Communion Office, with a full stop at the first clause—an ingenious punctuating slap at Rome. But the Second Commandment is not directed against making images, but against making images for the purposes of worship. Mr. GLADSTONE goes on to say that "Jewish idolatry was never anthropomorphic." Is he sure of this? Do we know so much of the rites of BAAL and MOLOCH and ASHTAROTH as to be certain that no idols in human shape were ever worshipped by the apostate Jews? We thought there was something in a certain prophet which said the exact reverse.

When we come to Mr. GLADSTONE's next position, that the humanistic element was especially and providentially extended to the races (whoever they were) "the ethnical factors" of the Hellenes, we can only say that the eloquent lecturer knows a great deal more of these races than we do, and we will add that he knows a great deal more than he has thought proper to tell us. There are those who say that the ancient Persian religion, for example, was as purely monotheistic as that of the Hebrews; and when we are told that Pelasgic religion was one of these factors, we must infer that it was charged in some, even if in a slight, degree with this humanistic element. As we know nothing about Pelasgic religion, we cannot say whether this is the fact; but at present we have only Mr. GLADSTONE's word for it, and we have not much more for his assertion that this humanistic element was a *privilegium* of the whole Japhetic stock.

The next stage in the argument is that the "Hellenic religion had for its soul and centre such an anthropomorphism as clearly and broadly separated it from the other religions of the ancient world." Here the only objection which we should urge is that this is stated much too broadly and vaguely, and with a strength of language which our knowledge of all the ancient religions would justify few except Mr. GLADSTONE in using. That Hellenic religious thought is essentially anthropomorphic nobody doubts; that it is exclusively so, or even pre-eminently so, in any other sense than that we know more about it than about that of other races, may be

questioned. What Mr. GLADSTONE really means is that the Homeric religion is all this; and that the Homeric theology and the Homeric Olympus is the only Hellenic cultivation worth a moment's thought. No doubt there are especial temptations to Mr. GLADSTONE to develop this extraordinary view, which considers the heroic age (if it ever existed) as the best and highest, if not the only, exponent of the best mind of Greece. But it seems to many students to be a view which would be paralleled by representing the manners and religion and civilization of the Court of ARTHUR, as depicted in Mr. TENNYSON'S *Idyls of the King*, as the groundwork of a disquisition on the state of English civilization in the nineteenth century. The real matter essential to Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument is to settle what was the idea and what were the results of Hellenic culture, and to estimate the providential place of Greece in the great economy of things, especially its divine and appointed aspect towards Christianity; and to get at this we had rather go, not to the Homeric poems, and the mythic and heroic age of the bronze period of humanity, but to the Athens and Sparta of PERICLES and PLATO and ARISTOTLE and DEMOSTHENES. Camelot and Tintagel are very picturesque sources of English history, but to know the place of England in the providential order of the world there are unpoetical minds which prefer the *Annual Register* and *Hansard's Debates*. For ourselves, we cannot as yet consent to accept the Homeric poems as the standard of Hellenic religion; and we have little doubt that, did we possess as early a picture of the civilization of other nations as we do of the Achæans in the Homeric poems—we are content to say in HOMER—many of those virtues and graces, and much of that gentlemanly spirit, which Mr. GLADSTONE finds, and truly finds, in HOMER would also be found in them. *Vivere fortes ante Agamemnona*; and in regions where Ionic Greek was unknown. This is hardly the place for the discussion, but even admitting Mr. GLADSTONE'S estimate of the Homeric theology, we are surprised at the easy way in which he passes over the most patent objections to his theory. He commits himself to the view that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were by the same author. This may be the case, but it is quite certain that the *Odyssey* is, for the most part, a collection of Oriental stories, some of which are actually extant in the East; and whatever it reflects, it is not the Homeric spirit, but the gossiping, story-reciting Oriental mind. But with Mr. GLADSTONE the controversial value of the two poems is the same. He says that in the Homeric age cannibalism was unknown, though the stories of CYCLOPS and the LÆSTRYGONES stare him in the face; and that human sacrifice was not part of Hellenic religion, or at any rate of Homeric religion, because HOMER does not mention the sacrifice of IPHIGENIA. Then, again, ACHILLES is the model of all chivalry, and a complete BAYARD, though he was a brutal savage who hacked and defiled the corpse of his noblest foe. The Greek woman—that is, the Homeric woman—is infinitely superior in position to the Hebrew woman, because polygamy was unknown to the Greeks. But one of the model kings, AGAMEMNON, made no scruple to take to his bosom a Trojan maiden, though he had a wife at home; and of the slight liaison of ODYSSEUS with CIRCE we hear nothing, though much of "his yearning for PENELOPE."

In a word, Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument compels him, in estimating Greece, to decline to see it in its most polished age—the age of its statesmen and philosophers; while, of course, by the irresistible stress of his theory, he is driven to accept HOMER as authentic history, and to rest everything on the authority of one whom the wisest Greek sage proscribed because he was untrustworthy. Mr. GLADSTONE himself admits that the purity and the manners, the religion, and decencies, and pious humanities, of the Homeric age had become obsolete and antiquated and extinct in the refined stage of Athenian culture, and that the crimes commended by PLATO, and the vices practised and glorified by the best and noblest of the Greeks, were the last result of Greek culture, "at the time of its consummate supremacy in art" and at the climax of its boasted civilization." A sour controversialist would here step in and object that the tree must have been from the first very bad, and certainly not of the growth of Paradise, of which these are the fruits. Enough for more sober critics to admit, with Mr. GLADSTONE, the benefits to the world of Greek culture, even though we cannot partake in his sanguine estimate of HOMER, and are compelled to find exceptions to the very few facts upon which he has based an essay which, after all, is carefully composed, beautifully expressed, and shows evident signs of extensive, if one-sided, inquiry.

THE MINISTRY.

WHEN Lord PALMERSTON died, the general regret was but faintly relieved by curiosity. Even before the Royal choice was announced, all politicians took it for granted that Lord RUSSELL would succeed to the vacant post. Lord CLARENDON was with equal unanimity designated as Foreign Secretary, and it only remained for the new Minister to find an eligible supporter to discharge the arduous duties of the Duchy of Lancaster. The weakness of the Government in the House of Commons was apparent to the most careless observer, as it had been sufficiently visible during the last Session, when Sir GEORGE GREY led the House during the almost continuous absence of Lord PALMERSTON. The Parliamentary strength of the Ministry would be really increased by the substitution of Mr. GLADSTONE as Premier, if only it were possible to trust his discretion. Lord PALMERSTON had for some time past been principally useful in repressing the dreaded activity of his ambitious colleague; but if Mr. GLADSTONE'S measures are popular, and if his speeches are as prudent as they will certainly be eloquent, the Liberal party will obey him more cordially than it followed Lord PALMERSTON and his lieutenants. It may be added that, if the Ministerial leader forfeits the confidence of the House, no reinforcement which can be added to the Treasury Bench will supply the defect. Nevertheless it would be expedient to provide for the exigencies of debate, especially as a supporter excluded from office is likely on occasion to become a formidable critic. One existing vacancy in the Cabinet, together with additional changes which might easily be contrived, would provide the means of enlisting recruits, if only it were possible to find available candidates for office. Lord RUSSELL has, in former times, been perhaps justly accused of aristocratic narrowness in his selection of colleagues, but on the present occasion the charge ought not to be repeated until he has refused to adopt some practicable suggestion. If the Minister has not taken all the world into his councils, he has enjoyed the advantage of listening to every proposal which individual or general ingenuity could devise. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that any journalist or newspaper correspondent who could have found a solution for the difficulty might have virtually exercised the patronage which is so embarrassing to the PRIME MINISTER. An authorized statement, for instance, of the terms on which Lord STANLEY might be induced to join the Government would almost certainly have produced an immediate acceptance of the offer. Hitherto, the voice of the people, as it has been uttered through the newspapers, expresses only the vague conviction that something ought to be done.

Public opinion seems to have arrived at the conclusion that there are three possible Cabinet Ministers still unplaced in the House of Commons—Lord STANLEY, Mr. LOWE, and Mr. HORSMAN; but unfortunately not one of the number agrees with Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE on the question of Parliamentary Reform, and the most important of the three sits on the other side of the House. If, indeed, Reform is to be postponed, or if a moderate Bill is to be introduced, there is no reason why Mr. LOWE or Mr. HORSMAN should not accept office to-morrow. If, on the other hand, the supposed obstacle exists, there is little use in dwelling on the defective debating power of the Ministers, or on the inconvenience of allowing great departments of State to be represented in the House of Commons by Under-Secretaries. Another triad which, like King DAVID'S second class of mighty men, has not yet attained unto the first three, consists of Mr. FORSTER, Mr. STANSFELD, and Mr. GOSCHEN; and there can be no doubt of the expediency of enlisting those able and rising Members in the ranks of the Government. If Sir ROBERT PEEL should feel inclined to retire for a time into non-official life, Mr. FORSTER would be an excellent Irish Secretary. Mr. GOSCHEN'S knowledge of currency and finance would be useful at the Treasury; and Mr. STANSFELD would probably add, as an administrative journeyman, to the credit which he earned during his short apprenticeship at the Admiralty. For purposes of debate, the secondary members of the Government are in ordinary cases wholly useless. Convenience and tradition confine the defence of the Ministerial measures to the principal members of the Cabinet; for it would be impossible for the Government to hold itself responsible for the arguments and opinions of subordinates who have not been consulted on the decisions which are to be vindicated in the House. Mr. LOWE, who took a leading part in the debates of the last Session, had previously been condemned to silence on general topics for five years; and even when his own department was the subject of debate, he found himself peremptorily overruled by Lord PALMERSTON and the Cabinet. In Lord

GREY's Administration, more than thirty years ago, Mr. STANLEY, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. SPRING RICE were sometimes allowed to enter prominently into debate before they were admitted into the Cabinet; but the Ministerial leader, Lord ALTHORP, was slow of speech and easy in temper, and the Whig party, after its long exclusion from power, had not fully acquired the habits of strict official discipline. The present system renders it possible to dispense with exact conformity of opinion in candidates for the lower ranks of office; and if young men of ability should at any future time be found in the House of Commons, a few years of enforced silence would form a valuable part of their Parliamentary education.

Lord RUSSELL cannot have thought of tendering office to Mr. BRIGHT. If ability and eloquence were the only qualifications for power, the question would be, not whether Mr. BRIGHT should be a Secretary of State, but how it was possible that a Cabinet could be formed without his co-operation. It would indeed be a triumph to reduce into the condition of a docile colleague so formidable an auxiliary or opponent. When Mr. BRIGHT consents to waive his opinions, to command his prejudices, and even ostensibly to forgive his enemies—though he will scarcely be any longer Mr. BRIGHT—he will be an ornament and support to the Government, if the House of Commons can be persuaded to believe provisionally in his conversion. It would perhaps be difficult to find a suitable office for the assailant of almost every English institution. Mr. BRIGHT would scarcely be contented with a sinecure, and he has heretofore urged the abolition of the Keepership of the Privy Seal and of the Chancellorship of the Duchy. As President of the Council, he would have to administer the denominational system of education which he has loudly condemned, and at the War Office and the Admiralty he would be providing means for the warlike practices which he only tolerates when Republics have empires to conquer or reclaim. The Home Office would place Mr. BRIGHT in official relations with the country gentlemen whom he has incessantly reviled; as Colonial Minister, he would think that the colonies ought to be abandoned; and as Secretary of State for India, he ought in consistency to propose to split up the Indian Empire into petty independent provinces. The Board of Trade is occupied by his only political adherent in the Cabinet, and, by universal consent, no change is to take place at the Exchequer. It would be unjust to complain that Mr. BRIGHT's newspaper organ urges his claim to office, although the announcement of such an alliance would bring Lord DERBY into power within a fortnight after the meeting of Parliament. A Conservative Administration, and a break up of the Liberal party, would be not unacceptable to the representative of extreme democracy.

If the rumour of the Duke of SOMERSET's resignation is well founded, and if any ally of suitable Parliamentary rank can be found in the House of Commons, the departments represented in the House by Under-Secretaries will be reduced to two. At present the Cabinet is almost equally distributed between the Lords and the Commons. The Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretaries for War and Foreign Affairs, are balanced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the three remaining Secretaries of State. Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. LAYARD, and Lord CLARENCE PAGET, are not in a position to be placed at the head of the respective departments which they represent with considerable ability as subordinates; and if a new member of the Cabinet becomes First Lord of the Admiralty, he will have some difficulty in satisfying the House and the country of his administrative superiority to the Duke of SOMERSET. Lord GRANVILLE, as he necessarily loses the lead in the House of Lords, may naturally feel inclined to exchange his post in the Government for a foreign Embassy. The managers of schools, the inspectors, the clergy, and the schoolmasters will hear not without alarm of the Duke of SOMERSET's probable succession to the Presidency of the Council. Vigour and industry are useful in the conduct of every public department; but when voluntary co-operation and private pecuniary sacrifice are of the essence of an organization, a tolerant, considerate, and conciliatory disposition is not without its value. At the War Office, the unbending character which is attributed to the present First Lord of the ADMIRALTY might have a beneficial effect on the relations of the civil Government to the professional administration of the army. The efficiency of the Cabinet is not likely to be largely increased or diminished by any internal changes. At present it is in some respects weak, but it is supported by an unusually large majority in the House of Commons, and long experience shows that it is impossible to foretell the duration of a Government. The Tory Cabinet, after the death of Mr. PERCEVAL and the extrusion of Mr. CANNING,

was supposed to be hopelessly weak, yet it terminated the war in triumph, and, with some modifications, it remained in power for fifteen years. Lord MELBOURNE's Government survived for seven years the withdrawal from the Whig party of Lord STANLEY and Sir JAMES GRAHAM, although both its former supporters took an active part in the opposition which was conducted with unequalled skill and vigour by Sir ROBERT PEEL. If Lord RUSSELL can either pass a tolerable Reform Bill or persuade the House of Commons to dispense with a change, he may not improbably remain in power until the time arrives for Mr. GLADSTONE's entry on a vacant inheritance.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND ALGERIA.

THE pamphlet which the Emperor of the FRENCH has published on Algeria shows, in a very remarkable degree, both the advantages and the disadvantages of the system which he has established, and with which his name is identified. Last May he went in person to Algeria, and saw, reflected on, and strove to repair the many errors, both in theory and practice, which met him at every turn. The Arab, the colonist, and the army were all alike mismanaged, and the cause of mismanagement was everywhere the same. The routine which was so dear to French officials at home was as dear to them in Algeria, and the dependency was being stifled under the dead weight of legions of functionaries, and of an establishment which it was imagined must be right and proper because it would have been considered right and proper in France. The EMPEROR, unfettered both in thought and act, was not slow to devise a remedy, or to propose it to the Governor of Algeria. The Arabs were to be conciliated and cared for, instead of having their lands left to them on an uncertain tenure, their pasture-grounds taken away, and their claims for justice lost in the vast distance which separated those who were wronged from the tribunal that offered relief. The colonists had been dejected, hopeless, and thriftless, scattered over vast tracts, with no roads or means of communication, and requiring a corresponding dispersion of the Imperial troops to protect them against the wild hordes who pounce like birds of prey upon every little centre of rising civilization that shows its sickly head. They were thenceforth to be treated very differently. The area of colonization was to be greatly reduced, and all the European settlers were to be grouped round a few strong posts where a sufficient garrison could be maintained for their protection. The army had been wastefully managed; its officers had been appointed to discharge duties in controlling and guiding the native population for which they were often wholly unfit, and had been stationed with small bodies of troops in remote isolated positions, where for months together they were destitute of everything that could improve, interest, or cheer them, and where they soon imbibed the fatal seeds of a gloomy and purposeless inactivity. The cost, too, of the army had been prodigious, and had told heavily on the Mother-country; and new military stations towards the southern desert, and elaborate schemes of coast fortifications, made it certain that this cost must go on increasing. The EMPEROR determined to deal boldly with this evil, to reduce the French army in Algeria from seventy-six thousand to fifty thousand men, and to stop almost entirely the expenditure on fortifications. In fact, to narrow the sphere of operations, to concentrate his forces, and to limit the number of his agents, both military and civil, was to be the new policy established under his special supervision and by his express orders. Most of the suggestions he makes seem wise and bold, for he wishes to accept inevitable facts, and to treat Algeria as a difficulty which France has to overcome, not a prize of which she can boast to the world. He wishes to make good his ground so far as he goes, instead of nominally ruling where his authority is habitually disregarded; and, above all, to prove to the natives that they will gain by the French rule, that Algeria is held for the benefit of the Algerians, and that they are to have an unassailable position in the eye of the law, as much as if they were Frenchmen.

Whatever may be the merit of the EMPEROR's suggestions, it must, however, be remembered that he had reigned thirteen years in France before he found time to examine the state of Algeria. During all that long time all the evils of which he now complains were silently going on. There were custom-houses which collected 8,000 francs, and cost 100,000 francs to keep up; there were thirteen Sous-Préfets where one would have been sufficient; there were arrogant, ignorant, young officers placed in command of the lives and fortunes of thousands of indignant suffering Arabs. At last the good day came; the EMPEROR had time to think of Algeria; he

managed to afford the leisure for a rapid journey through the chief Algerian towns, and he had the ability to conceive, and the boldness to set on foot, a new system of government. If he had never gone there at all, or if, when he had got there, he had been a man of ordinary capacity and courage, nothing would have been done for Algeria. The very excellence of the changes he proposes makes us think how mere an accident it was that they should ever have been proposed. In France no private man would dare to propose any changes at all about Algeria. He would, if he stated the facts which the EMPEROR states, have been instantly prosecuted for spreading false news, and exciting hostility against the EMPEROR and his Government. The Algerian officials would be sure not to say anything against themselves, and the Algerian colonists could make no public appeal; and if they forwarded any complaints to the higher authorities of Paris they would probably get no substantial aid or redress, while they would certainly provoke the enmity of the local officials of whom they complained. Suddenly, however, the EMPEROR arrived; and then the side of the Imperial system which attracts so many minds came into prominence. There were no long Parliamentary debates, no commissions sitting for years discussing and quarrelling over details, no concessions made to conciliate powerful interests, no fear of misrepresentation by journalists and critics. The EMPEROR, having the gift of seeing what is to be done in difficult circumstances, used this gift, declared his views, and immediately a great change, without opposition and without debate, came into operation. It must be owned that in free nations bad systems of administration linger on for years, and that skilful officials know how to baffle the industry of outsiders who suspect that there is something wrong, but cannot get at the information which would enable them to prove what the mischief really is. It must also be owned that in England we have our attention to a bad system finally awakened, not by the personal peaceful visit of a powerful and impartial observer, but by the rude shock of a great calamity. The Indian mutiny revealed to us the vices of our military system in India, as the Crimean war revealed the vices of our military system at home. So far there may not be any very marked superiority on the side of a free country. But it is after the evil has been discovered, and the remedy decided on, that the superiority of the free country becomes manifest. When we have made up our minds what is to be done, we can to a great extent see that it is done. Every fact is minutely observed and reported, and if there are signs of a relapse into the old evil ways, numberless critics are ready to denounce the backsliding and to insist that the necessary changes shall be made. It is not the business of one man, but of a thousand, to see that this change shall be made as it ought to be made; and perpetual discussion brings every feature of the general subject before the eyes of the public. But in France how is such a change to be made? What the EMPEROR orders will be done, but he cannot personally give countless orders of a minute and local kind. The officials will work silently against him, and, whenever his attention is absorbed in political affairs of greater moment, the officials will have their way. As we read the pamphlet, we are haunted by the sense that it is by an accident that it has been written, and that it will be by an accident that it will bear fruit. The EMPEROR commands, and his will is law; but laws may be evaded as well as defied.

If the scheme now proposed by the EMPEROR could be carried out, Algeria would be a Mussulman portion of France, the Arabs being in some measure forced to adopt the system of French civilization—to be registered and certified, and arranged on paper, as all Frenchmen are from their birth to their death, and made to pay certain taxes, and to seek civil redress and be held guilty for crimes according to French law; the vast department of human affairs which the Koran claims as belonging to religion being still under the jurisdiction of Mussulman authorities. They would have an interest in the soil guaranteed them; they would manage the affairs of their own tribes; and, in short, allowing for the difference of habits and customs, would hold very much the same position towards the French that the inhabitants of India hold towards us. Here and there would be established French or European towns, very much as the towns of the North of Ireland were founded, partly to overawe the Irish, and partly to give, on a small scale and in a safe way, some of the advantages which a dominant race looks for in the country it has conquered. On the sea-coast of Algeria such towns might very probably flourish, for the EMPEROR very wisely intends to declare all the ports of Algeria free, and thus give the colonists as ready an access to the markets of Europe as

possible. The European towns in the interior would probably be safe, and would have an easy communication with the sea; and if the cultivation of the adjacent lands would give them exports, they might easily become thriving centres of industry, more especially as the EMPEROR offers to the adventurers great facilities for borrowing capital at a cheap rate. But even if the Arab population were made happy, and colonization gradually set on a firm though humble basis, the gain to France would not be great. It is in a different direction that the EMPEROR looks for the recompense of the good government which France is to bestow on Algeria. She is to get thence a large supply of that which she most wants—soldiers. The Arabs are to be enlisted largely in the French army; and as soldiering is their dearest delight, and they will have no longer any bitterness against France, it is supposed they will join the French standard as freely as can be desired. This will lessen the number of Frenchmen who are withdrawn from French industry and French agriculture by the conscription, and will make the conscription fall much more lightly on the French population. The EMPEROR forbears to speculate on the possible political consequences to France of having a large proportion of the troops quartered in France aliens to her in birth, language, and religion, with no interests except professional ones, and bound by every tie of self-love and gratitude and habit to obey blindly the commands of the holder of the supreme power of the State.

ITALY AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE Parliament which has just been elected in Italy is destined hereafter to witness, and let us hope to survive, a serious and anxious crisis in the destinies of the new Kingdom. A few months more will bring Italy face to face with her great financial difficulties, and force upon her the formidable questions of the conversion of Church property, and the settlement of the civil status of the Catholic religion. Another year, and the evacuation of Rome will be over, or all but over. The result of the recent elections is therefore a matter of European interest. The men who have now been returned to serve in the Florence Chamber will have the opportunity of making or marring the fortunes of their country, and on their skill and moderation the peace of the Continent may eventually depend. This being so, the news that Moderate Liberals form the majority in the new Chamber sounded well, and the omen was welcomed by Italy's friends. Yet the intelligence might easily be interpreted to mean something that it does not mean. As far as the foreign policy of Italy is involved, the preponderance of the Moderate party is a guarantee that the path of caution will be pursued, and that there will be no premature rupture either with Austria or France. But the electoral triumph of Moderate Liberalism, even if it were more complete than in truth it is, would not imply that the Italians are ready to give up a tittle of the ecclesiastical reforms which they have been promised by the present Government. The moderation of the Moderates does not run in that direction. It amounts to little more than a wise conviction that this is not the time for Italy to surrender herself to *doctrinaire* opinions; that the discussion of the comparative merits of republicanism and monarchy had better be adjourned till quieter times; that it would be unwise in a half-fledged nation to dash itself to pieces for an idea against either the Austrian Quadrilateral or the armies of Imperial France; and that the moral opinion of Europe is well worth being consulted, if not obeyed. Beyond this the Moderates themselves do not go; nor are they inclined to sacrifice any material State object for the sake of a flimsy reconciliation with a Church which they have long ceased to respect. Were they disposed upon essential points to waver, they could not afford to do so, for fear of imperilling public order and security. The King of ITALY occupies a peculiar position. He is not a great statesman, nor an observer of conventional moralities, nor a very polished man. In political, intellectual, and social capacity, many of the Deputies are his superiors; and he finds himself suddenly raised to a pinnacle for which he was not born or educated, and reigning over subjects who have no reason to regard or to admire him. Turin naturally entertains a warmer feeling towards her rural dynasty of princes; but the KING's new throne at Florence rests less on the affection of Italy than on Italy's good sense. The Italians are astute enough to see that VICTOR EMMANUEL serves their purposes, and they accept without hesitation a royal sportsman who seems honestly determined to represent unselfishly and faithfully the national aspirations, and to dedicate what is left of him, after the claims of the chase and of gallantry have been acknowledged, to the cause of a united Italy. The strength of the monarchy and the cause of unity

and order thus depend on the moderation of the Italians, and in particular upon those Moderate Liberals who consider everything subordinate to the great end of making Italy powerful and free. Each mistake of this patriotic body gives power to the extreme partisans of change. Sometimes, as is natural, the Moderates are even punished for sins that they have never been tempted to commit. The Left in the new Chamber muster, as will be observed, in considerable force. Their increased strength is probably due to the uneasiness caused of late in the public mind by rumours of negotiations with Rome. Last summer the harmless diplomacy of M. VEGEZI, and the simultaneous withdrawal of the scheme for converting Church property, produced in the North of Italy something like a panic. The present Ministers, whose candour is above suspicion, were obliged to calm the agitation by a manifesto explaining that they were not the men to make improper concessions to the Papacy. Sensible and impartial observers had never doubted, and did not require to be reassured; but an after-wave of discontent and disquietude has washed several eminent Moderates out of the Chamber of Deputies, and has washed a good many Reds into the vacant places.

Raising money will be the first and most perplexing difficulty of the new Parliament. M. SELLA's proposal to exhume the odious tax upon grinding corn will have to contend against strong and merited popular opposition. The revival of the scheme will have the additional drawback of wearing the semblance of a breach of faith with more than one of the new provinces. All taxation is always more or less unpleasant to the taxpayer; but it is for statesmen to prove their aptitude for administration by laying the burden on the back where it will be least felt. A tax which unites in itself every possible disadvantage that a tax can have will either never be carried, or, if carried, will strain to the utmost the loyalty of the provincial populations. New taxes, however, of some kind or another will doubtless be tried before falling back on a hopeless attempt at a fresh loan. That money must be had is constantly repeated by M. SELLA, and admitted without debate by most Italians of whatever party. Had Lord RUSSELL remained at the Foreign Office, he would have possibly seized the occasion to administer to Italy another dose of financial advice, and to urge on the Florence Cabinet the wisdom of reducing their military establishments. Poverty ought, upon theory, to lead both to economy and sobriety; but the mere fact that Italy cannot afford a large army will not convince Italians, or even all Englishmen, that Italy can do without one. The existence of the Convention of September must be allowed to justify, in a large degree, an expenditure which *prima facie* seems exorbitant and aggressive. The Austrian tenure of Venice is, of itself, scarcely sufficient to warrant Italy in menacing preparations for war. It was, no doubt, a salient part of the stipulations at Villa Franca that Venice should be left free to enter the proposed Italian Confederation; but it no longer can lie in the mouth of the King of Italy to complain that Venice, under existing arrangements, takes less than she would have taken under the disregarded Villa Franca Convention. The general state of Europe is a better argument for maintaining the Italian army and fleets on their present abnormal footing. It would be foolish, if not culpable, in any Italian statesman to meditate war against Austria for the sake of Venice alone; but when the political barometer of Europe points to unsettled weather, Italians may reasonably think it sound policy to be prepared for all emergencies.

M. SELLA's recent speech at Cossato was not needed to assure us that among the great measures of the coming session will figure a Bill for the organization of Church property and the abolition of the convents. The proposed plan will be violently attacked by Ultramontanists, both in Rome and in France, but it is unquestionably demanded by public sentiment in Italy. Italian legislation on such a matter must be uniform and consistent, and it is impossible in Sicily or Naples to depart from or to gloss over principles which have been admitted in their naked form in Piedmont. It will be prudent as well as convenient that the money raised should be spent in compensating vested interests, in bestowing fit means of livelihood on the poorer parochial clergy, and in promoting education in the communes. Nothing else will be done with the balance, and the extreme Papal party have the mortification of learning from M. SELLA's speech that it is not seriously intended to expend the *spolia opima* of the Church upon the Royal Civil List, or even on the fortifications of Alessandria. It may be equally convenient that they should learn, once for all, that no negotiations with the Papacy will be allowed to interfere with these settled purposes of the Government, and that, whether M. VEGEZI comes

or goes, the fate of the convents is fixed beyond debate. Upon the subject of the foreign policy of Italy, M. SELLA is wisely explicit. The Convention of September will be carried out "with scrupulous loyalty." Not "a shadow of violence" on the part of Italy will interfere "with the experiment of the temporal power of the Pope, based on its own strength." This is a statesmanlike and frank declaration, and if the Italians have the self-control to act in conformity with it, Italy will gain the respect of Europe, and in the long run will win Rome. "The Roman question," says M. SELLA, "is not a question to be settled by violence, and Italy does not mean to settle it in that manner. Italy means to convince all Europe, and all the world, that she knows how to accomplish her national programme and yet afford hospitality to the head of Christianity." His HOLINESS perhaps will demur to the proposal that he shall receive hospitality in the city where he has hitherto been accustomed to dispense it, but no Italian Minister can now propose to do more for the Pope than to guarantee his independence under the Italian flag. M. SELLA's remarks upon Venice are less happily and more ambiguously worded. It is certain that the possession of the Venetian territory hampers the whole policy of Austria, and injures her best interests; but M. SELLA's tone is scarcely likely to flatter or disarm the vanity of a European State which has been considered powerful till within the last six years. Vast pecuniary means are doubtless necessary, whether Venetia is to be acquired by treaty or by war; but there are other and better reasons for a desire to establish faith in Italy's commercial credit. The present generation of Italians would not have deserved ill of posterity if they never did more than consolidate the kingdom which seems, like the walls of Troy, to have risen to some divine music in a single night. The subject of Rome, as well as that of Venice, if all Italians were temperate, could afford to stand over for future discussion. What makes it so important to arrive at a definite settlement of both problems is the impatience of those who ought to be patient. If Italy can wait, and acquiesce for the present in a condition which is not a condition of finality, she will find time her most valuable ally.

AMERICA.

THE PRESIDENT of the United States may perhaps continue for some time to enjoy the ostensible support of both political parties. While Republicans and Democrats respectively claim him as their principal representative, he is not required to declare his adhesion to either faction; and as all his measures are approved by the rival candidates for his favour, a practical unanimity facilitates the reconstruction of the Southern States. The Republicans, indeed, affect to believe that the PRESIDENT's policy is only provisional, and that the definitive solution of pending questions must await the decision of Congress; but sagacious and patriotic members of the party probably share the general desire to efface as rapidly as possible the traces of the abortive secession. As the Southern Conventions appear universally to adopt the recommendations of the PRESIDENT, there will be little room for the interference of Congress. No legislation is necessary, for the States are self-governing and organic bodies, and they now profess their willingness to submit once more to the provisions of the Federal Constitution. Either House of Congress will exhaust its powers by receiving or rejecting, without appeal, the Southern Senators and Representatives who will apply for admission; but if nine or ten States were excluded from Congress by the dominant party, they could well afford to wait. The demand that negroes should be allowed to give evidence in courts of justice will have been anticipated by the majority of the Southern States; and it will be impossible, after the decision of the State and Territorial Conventions in Connecticut and Nevada, to insist on the concession of negro suffrage. Some Republican writers endeavour to console themselves for a virtual defeat by the assertion that Mr. JOHNSON's plan of reconstruction is precisely the same as Mr. LINCOLN's. The machinery is indeed similar, but the circumstances are different, and almost opposite. When Louisiana was reorganized under General BANKS, and Tennessee under Mr. JOHNSON himself, the war was still raging, and the conforming minority were regarded by their fellow-citizens as rebels and traitors to the Confederacy. The Convention of Louisiana represented less than a tenth part of the population, and even in Tennessee the supporters of the Northern Government formed less than one-third of the community. The attempt to bring sham States into existence for political purposes was the least creditable part of Mr. LINCOLN's policy. The bad effect of his indirect contrivance is illustrated by a recent

attempt of the Governor of Louisiana to reduce the State to the condition of a Territory by sending Delegates, instead of Representatives, to Washington. The great mass of the citizens, after loyally discharging their duty to their State while it belonged to the Confederacy, are probably now as willing as people in other parts of the South to display fidelity to the victorious Government. For the present, they are disfranchised by Mr. LINCOLN's precipitate measure, and consequently the States which were nominally first to be reclaimed are likely to be last in taking their place in the Union.

The soundness of public opinion reduces for the time to insignificance the agitation of extreme politicians and enthusiasts. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is perhaps the only well-known person who concurs with English zealots in denouncing the character and conduct of the PRESIDENT. Mr. BEECHER himself, supporting for once the cause of moderation and justice, confesses in one of his political sermons that, having been born in Connecticut, he can scarcely exclude the Southern States from the Union because they hesitate to grant the franchise to negroes. It is perhaps not impossible that the prevailing moderation of the North may induce some of the reconstructed States to acquiesce in a prudent compromise. Almost all parties allow that universal negro suffrage would be mischievous, as well as anomalous. An indiscriminate suffrage is only tolerable when all members of the constituency are approximately equal; and in the large cities, which contain a rabble of immigrants and adventurers, the promiscuous distribution of the franchise is found scarcely endurable by the respectable classes. In Vermont or in Ohio one man is as good as another, and the whole community has attained a high level of intelligence and morality. It would be absurd to prefer one independent freeholder to another because he happened to be comparatively rich; and the solid population of residents can probably afford to disregard the participation in their rights of a few straggling Irishmen or of indigenous idlers. In the Southern States there are greater inequalities of condition, but the poorest white man is proud of his citizenship, and it would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to exclude him from the franchise by imposing any test or qualification. The negroes are not in any sense the equals of the whites, and it would be an error to create a spurious equality by legislation. In a country, however, where the rights of men are articles of popular belief, permanent exclusion from the franchise involves a certain kind of ignominy. It would be highly desirable to admit the best and most enlightened negroes to vote, especially as the privilege would provide the coloured population with a motive for improving their own character and condition.

The PRESIDENT, himself a citizen of a Southern State, and formerly a slave-owner, while he abstains from usurping the rights of the State Legislatures, recommends a partial admission of the negroes to the franchise. Universal suffrage of the coloured population would, in his opinion, tend to a war of races, although the immediate effect would be the creation of a powerful aristocracy. "The slaves of large owners," says Mr. JOHNSON, "looked down upon non-slave-owners, because they did not own slaves. The larger the number of slaves the masters owned, the prouder they were, and this has produced hostility between the mass of whites and the negroes. The outrages are mostly from non-slaveholding whites against the negro, and from the negro upon non-slaveholding whites. The negro will vote with his late master, whom he does not hate, rather than with the non-slaveholding white, whom he does hate. Universal suffrage would create a new war, not against us, but a war of races." English meddlers in American politics will probably receive with indignation the PRESIDENT's statement that the slave entertains no hatred for his former master. In America, the fear of oligarchical influence will operate more strongly than any sentimental preference for the negro. Chief Justice CHASE, in his late political circuit, advocated universal negro suffrage as a certain method of perpetuating the supremacy of the Republican party; but Mr. JOHNSON probably understands Southern society better, and he is not less inclined to promote the elevation of the negro. His own recommendation is, that negro suffrage should be gradually conceded, first to those who have served in the army, then to those who can read and write, and finally to the possessors of a certain small amount of property. The educational franchise seems too liberal in the future, although not in the present; but probably Mr. JOHNSON may have reason for supposing that it will not, for many years, be equivalent to universal suffrage. Mr. REAGAN, lately a member of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's Cabinet, has addressed to his fellow-citizens of Texas a somewhat similar proposal. The Governor of Texas, Mr.

HAMILTON, a factious and unforgiving exile, has circulated the document with comments which are intentionally offensive to the great majority of the people. While Mr. HAMILTON prates unseasonably about the crime and folly of secession, Mr. REAGAN urges his countrymen to submit to the fortune of war, and to endeavour to neutralize the bad effects of slavery by conceding political rights to the freedmen. As Southern politicians are disposed to make negro suffrage an open question, it would be a gross blunder for Congress to render, by ill-timed severity, resistance to the enfranchisement of the coloured population a point of Southern honour. At present all appearances point to a wiser settlement of the controversy.

The questions which occupy party writers in newspapers are of little importance, especially as the State elections of the present autumn happen to be comparatively uninteresting. Only a New York politician can concern himself with the inquiry whether Mr. THURLOW WEED has intrigued with the Democrats; and strangers readily believe that General SHERMAN, who was lately a spotless hero, has not become, as the Republicans assert, a vulgar swindler, because he has accepted the Democratic nomination for the office of Secretary of State. The tendency to cling to a party organization after it has ceased to serve a purpose is not peculiar to the United States; and in all free countries political contests become frivolous and personal as the issues which are supposed to be raised pass into unimportance or irrelevance. It cannot be said that one faction is more scrupulous than the other in the conduct of its habitual warfare. The Democrats, relying on the Irish vote, are naturally the most zealous promoters of the Fenian conspiracy, although the Republicans are careful not to discourage any movement which may be injurious or obnoxious to England. A State contest in America is perhaps the coarsest exhibition, on a large scale, of the meaner propensities of human nature; but while the agitators and the journalists are scolding and calumniating and lying, the bulk of the community probably seriously desires to promote the national welfare. The Republican party had good reason for opposing the efforts of the Democrats to extend the domain of slavery. On the outbreak of the war, the former opponents of Southern claims naturally undertook the championship of American unity, and the Democrats, as the advocates of constitutional compromise and peace, sacrificed all their former popularity. Both parties now agree in applauding every act of the PRESIDENT, and it is therefore clear that they have no longer any serious difference of opinion. The question whether General SLOCUM stole certain bales of cotton at Vicksburg is the refined American form of the discussion whether Democrats have a right to profit by the Republican victory. General SLOCUM's accusers would despise any credulous disciple who believed in the truth or good faith of their charge; but they sincerely entertain the opinion that, after a triumphant peace, place and salary belong of undisputed right to the party which conducted the war.

THE ADMIRALTY.

IT is no disparagement of the administrative powers of the Duke of SOMERSET to say that the restoration of the First Lord of the Admiralty to his proper place in the House of Commons would be a great gain to the public service. At the best, a Board is a nebulous sort of body to deal with, but the mere Secretary of a Board is as intangible a subject for attack or remonstrance as can well be conceived. The consequence of the arrangement which has subsisted so long has been that the House of Commons, with all its eager anxiety on naval matters, has never been able to grasp the real drift of Admiralty policy from time to time. It would be as easy to lay hold of Mr. PEPPER's ghost as to commit Lord CLARENCE PAGET to any specific pledge. Of course this was the fault of the distribution of power which left the Admiralty to be represented in the House of Commons by an irresponsible subordinate. However much he might be pressed, a Secretary could not pledge his Board to anything; and in spite of the multitude of desultory debates on naval matters, the policy of the Admiralty has for some years been consigned to Lord DUNDREARY's category of things which no fellow can be expected to understand. There is nothing by which these truths are better illustrated than the much canvassed question of the treatment of Captain COLES's invention of turret-ships. If the Board had been represented in the House of Commons by its responsible chief, the contest must have been brought to a crisis years ago. But whenever a complaint was hinted at, the Secretary always appeased it by language which implied that, if he had a weakness, it was an undue partiality for Captain COLES and his invention, and an

excessive prejudice in favour of turret-ships. A First Lord could not have spoken in this way without following up his words by action much more effective than has yet been seen; but the soft answer of a subordinate may turn away wrath, without committing the real offenders to anything like a genuine reformation. By accident it may be, more than by design, an almost universal belief was fostered, during the construction of the *Royal Sovereign*, that a real turret-cruiser was being built; and the impatience manifested when, in spite of the favourable report of her able captain, the ship was, or was supposed to be, snubbed, was mainly the expression of the disappointment and sense of injury which was felt at the discovery that the Admiralty had never tried, nor intended to try, the principle for any purpose except that of coast and harbour defence. All the obscurity which has veiled the action of the Board would have been impossible if the First Lord had been in the House of Commons; and a change in this respect would, it may be hoped, put the relations of the Board and the House on a more frank and satisfactory basis.

Nor will this return to old constitutional practice be of less service to the Admiralty than to the public. If complaints have been rife, on the one side, that the Board shrouded itself in mystery, and pursued a course of its own opposed to the feeling of Parliament and apparently inconsistent with much that fell from the Secretary, there has been no lack of counter-complaints that public speakers and public writers have misjudged the efforts which the administrators of the navy were making, and this especially in the weary controversy about turret-ships. It certainly is difficult to comprehend the position which has been taken up on this subject, but, so far as we can gather, the Admiralty would put their case somewhat in this fashion. If asked why they do not try the experiment of a sea-going turret-ship, they would reply, first, that no other country has done so; which is substantially true, although some imperfect approximations to such an experiment have been made. But, to admit the validity of this excuse, we must be prepared to say that an invention which is English from beginning to end ought to be rejected in the country of its birth until it has been recognised by the superior intelligence of some foreign sovereign. We know no reason why England should always wait upon the more adventurous progress of less maritime nations; and, if only for a change, it would be refreshing to be able to point to one naval improvement in which England had led the way. We may be quite sure, however, that such an apology as this is not one that a First Lord of the Admiralty would venture to put forward in his place in the House of Commons. Passing by a defence so wholly beside the question, we constantly meet with another argument, which would be good enough if it were not wholly unsupported by proof. It is said that the turret principle is admirably suited for coast defence, but altogether inconsistent with the requirements of sea-going ships. The question is, "Is this true?" It certainly cannot be stated as a result of experience, for it is the common ground of Captain COLES and the Admiralty that the experiment of a turreted cruiser has never been tried. It is true that the *Rolf Krake*, the *Wyvern*, and the *Scorpion* do seem to have behaved much better at sea than any one had a right to expect from the conditions under which they were built. They are all too small, in proportion to the load they carry, to afford any approach to a fair test of the fitness of the turret system for the duties expected of British cruisers. The two rams, in particular, are spoiled for this purpose by the attempt to combine, in small corvettes, a light draught of water with a very heavy armament and ample protection from shot. Still, even they have done wonders, if the reports are to be trusted; but if they had broken down utterly in the heavy weather they experienced, their failure would have been no argument against the success of a well-designed cruiser of adequate size. The truth is—and it is admitted on all sides—that the supposed unfitness of the turret armament for sea-going purposes rests entirely upon speculative opinion. Very respectable authorities have no doubt pronounced against it, just as eminently respectable authorities condemned by anticipation iron-plating, Archimedean screws, and every other novelty. Until the value of an invention is proved by actual trial, there is always abundance of authority to denounce it. And yet in this case the balance of professional opinion outside of the Admiralty is decidedly in favour of the turrets, at any rate to the extent of declaring the experiment of a turret-cruiser worthy of the most careful trial which the Admiralty can give to it. Nay, even the Committee which was appointed to find out the faults of Captain COLES's design gave the strongest evidence in favour of his principle. Of course they pointed out every possible objection to the drawings before them. They proved conclusively that, under certain conceivable circum-

stances, the ship, like other ships, might possibly suffer damage in a naval action; and they expressed the very sensible opinion that a ship with two turrets would be more powerful than a ship with one. But so far were they from declaring the system inapplicable to sea-going ships that they urged the immediate construction of a two-turreted cruiser.

We may safely rest the case, not of Captain COLES, but of the country, against the Admiralty upon these ample admissions, which are conclusive in favour of the trial we have so often insisted on, and which relieve us from the necessity of entering into any of the details of the controversy; yet in fairness it must be added that, of all the objections urged against Captain COLES's design, there is not one that establishes the supposed distinction between the use of turrets for coasting and for sea-going vessels. Hypothetical objections to the turret principle *in toto* cannot be urged by the Admiralty, who by their own acts have admitted that its advantages far outweigh its defects, so far as mere fighting is concerned. The apparently adverse experience afforded by one or two of the earlier American Monitors arose entirely from special defects, from which Captain COLES's designs have been free; and the later Monitors, though not intended for ocean work, have sufficiently vindicated the offensive and defensive strength of this mode of armament. It remained to show that the same method would be equally applicable to sea-going ships, and it is enough on this point to say that the ship designed by Captain COLES for this purpose would, according to the admissions even of the Admiralty officials, have been an easy and comfortable ship at sea. Setting aside general objections, which apply equally to coasters and frigates, and have already been answered by the trials of the *Royal Sovereign*, there was no one fault found with the proposed design which does not exist to a much greater degree in the ships of the same class which are the last fruits of Admiralty skill, while the superiority of the turret-ship both in offensive and defensive strength was admitted to be enormous. The ship with one turret was rejected (properly enough it may be), because a ship with two turrets would be better; and when the Admiralty have explained why this two-turreted ship is not put in hand, it will be easier than it now is to comprehend the very singular policy which they have adopted. Whatever the issue may be (and we cannot entertain much doubt about it), this at least is clear—that an overwhelming case in favour of trying the experiment has been made out, both by the partial experience already gained, and by the authority accumulated in its favour. It is not, or at least cannot with any truth be, alleged that anything like a fair trial has yet been attempted. If the results should disappoint expectation, no one will blame the Admiralty for having acted on the strongest evidence that could be obtained, short of positive experience, of the working of the projected class of ships. To refuse a trial because no successful model is yet in existence is defensible only on the principle of not going into the water till after having learned to swim. Caution in avoiding expense may be carried to excess, and while much less promising novelties are attempted again and again, no good reason can be given why this particular experiment should be resolutely declined. Sooner or later the Admiralty will be compelled to make the trial they have hitherto refused, and the only effect of delay will be to tarnish the brightness of success without in any way diminishing the risk of failure. Unless the new Parliament shall prove very different from its predecessor, no responsible Naval Minister will be able to get through his first debate without finding himself pledged to test the turret principle in a sea-going ship. The sooner such a Minister has to face the House of Commons the better it will be, in this and other matters, for the efficiency and economy of naval administration.

SPAIN AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE Spanish Government has taken the first step towards the abolition of slavery in its colonial dominions. The Minister of the proper department thinks, with much reason, that "the extinction of the slave trade in the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico is the most imperative of the duties of the Government in the administration of those provinces." The first step towards draining a swamp is to turn off the water which oozes into the land from some higher level; and when slavery is no longer fed by importations from Africa, the institution itself may be more easily modified or abolished. The Government "flatters itself with the hope that it may be permitted to bear witness to the good faith with which it purposes fulfilling the solemn compacts which, no less than its own conviction and the good name of the Spanish nation, compelled it to prosecute the slave trade and to

"stamp it with the seal of its absolute reprobation." It is but courteous to assume that Marshal O'DONNELL and his colleagues are sincere in their desire to suppress a trade which they have the power absolutely and finally to abolish. The only slave trade which now exists in the world is directed exclusively to the shores of Cuba and Porto Rico, the somewhat irregular legislation of the English Parliament, under the advice of Lord ABERDEEN, having some years since stopped the importation of negroes into Brazil. The more extravagant advocates of slavery in the Slave States of North America frequently demanded the revival of the trade; and, on rare occasions, an unscrupulous adventurer succeeded in running a cargo at the mouth of some Southern river; but the first slave-trading captain who was hanged was probably the last of his race, and the American market is now finally closed to dealers in human flesh. Some years ago, the Democrats, who were then in power, with the cordial support of the leading Republicans and Abolitionists, delayed the suppression of the trade by preventing the transference of the English blockade from the African seas to the coast of Cuba. Mr. LINCOLN, however, while, for the first time, he exercised the rigour of the law against criminals, also agreed to the reciprocal right of search which deprived slave-traders of the protection of the American flag. Spain has now full power to terminate the scandal, and, as fifty years have passed since the conclusion of the treaties, it certainly is time "to fulfil its solemn compacts, and to stamp the trade with the seal of its absolute reprobation." It is satisfactory to find that the Government has already ordered an increase of its preventive squadron in the Mexican Gulf. Naval and military officers will do their duty as soon as they are convinced that their superiors are in earnest; and it is well known that the trade has been interrupted as often as a Captain-General of Cuba happened to prefer the enforcement of the law to the profit of connivance.

There is no reason to doubt that the Spanish Government has been influenced by motives of humanity and by regard for national honour; but, as an able statesman, Marshal O'DONNELL has probably not overlooked considerations of expediency and prudence. Although the Spanish dominion of Cuba was often menaced by the Democratic party in America, and especially by its last PRESIDENT, the argument that the island ought to be annexed for the purpose of perpetuating slavery was not likely to be cordially accepted by the Northern States. Mr. CALHOUN failed in his efforts to arouse the jealousy of France against the profligate Abolitionism of England, and on the whole it seemed likely that Spain would not be left alone in repelling a lawless invasion professedly undertaken for the propagation of slavery. More formidable dangers begin to loom in the distance, in consequence of the liberation of the slaves in the United States. Although the Government of Washington is not at present at leisure to pursue an aggressive policy, it is easy to foresee that, when slavery is unanimously condemned by public opinion, a new MONROE doctrine will prohibit the existence of the institution on the American continent and islands. A crusade against Cuba in the cause of justice and benevolence would, at the same time, gratify national vanity. The continuance of the slave trade would provoke still more general indignation, and the collisions which might probably take place with American cruisers would furnish reasons or excuses for interference. It is wise to anticipate the danger by timely reforms, and it is nearly certain that the abolition of the trade will be followed by the discontinuance of slavery. The Spanish Government of Cuba and the colonial planters will have the opportunity of profiting by the experiment which is about to be tried in the United States. Either as a warning, or more probably as an example, the condition of the liberated negroes of the South will furnish guidance to the Spanish authorities both at home and abroad. In the meantime, improvements will be greatly facilitated by the termination of the trade.

West Indian and American slavery appears to be the most effective method of raising the negro into the lower stages of civilization, but a constant adulteration of the colonial race of slaves by fresh importations of barbarism necessarily checks the progress of the rude experiment. The American freedmen are, according to their more enthusiastic patrons, models of every Christian virtue; and it is certain that they were docile servants, and that, when disciplined, they became tolerable soldiers. Three or four generations of orderly labour have raised them far above their African kindred, and they may perhaps be competent to the functions of a peasant population. The condition of the slaves in Cuba is little known, but, as many of their number were born heathen Africans, it is probable that the entire body must be comparatively savage. Hereafter, perhaps, Cuban freedmen may be more favourably situated than Continental negroes,

for Spaniards are far less intolerant of inferior races than nations of English blood and language. Before, however, any question of equality can arise, the negroes must have acquired a certain amount of cultivation. The cargoes of the slave-ships can only have been valued as labouring animals, and probably the negroes who were born in the island have been depressed to the level of the untaught immigrants. The demand for new supplies proves that little preference was shown to the natives, and the facility for obtaining substitutes must have rendered the planters indifferent to the welfare of their servants. It answered better to work a negro to the utmost during the prime of his strength than to prolong his efficiency by humane treatment. It was a strong recommendation to the imported slaves that they were accompanied only by a limited number of women, and that they were encumbered with no children below the working age. The American slaveowner was accustomed to regard half his stock as dead weight, while the happy purchaser of a cargo of fresh-run Africans scarcely fed more persons than he employed.

In the cultivation of sugar, which is the chief product of Cuba, there is reason to believe that slavery with the slave trade is cheaper than free labour, but that the balance is reversed when the supply of able-bodied Africans is cut off. A newly arrived negro is worth rather more than 100*l.*, representing, at colonial rates of interest, not less than 10*l.* a year. The cost of food, of clothing, and of lodging, though it is small, must be taken into account, and the necessary superintendence is expensive. In Mauritius, which is the chief rival of Cuba in the sugar market, a Coolie labourer can be hired for about 12*l.* a year; and, although Cuba is less favourably situated for the importation of free labourers, the negroes, if they were liberated under prudent restrictions, might be compelled or induced to work on equally moderate terms. The use of machinery would be extended as the price of labour rose, and as the working-class became more intelligent. The first result of the suppression of the slave trade will be to increase the cost of production, and, as soon as slavery ceases to pay, its existence is doomed. If the cotton cultivation of the American Slave States revives under the new system of paid labour, the sugar-planters of Cuba will not unwillingly relieve themselves of an obloquy which will be no longer profitable. Although the report of the Spanish Minister, and the accompanying Royal decree, relate principally to the slave trade, some of the provisions point to experiments in the partial abolition of slavery. Slaves captured by the Spanish cruisers have too often disappeared mysteriously in the interior; but henceforth all such negroes are to be taken to the Spanish possessions on the coast of Africa, and are then, at their own choice, either to be restored to their homes, or to be employed at wages under a contract for a limited time. Emancipation in Cuba itself is to be in certain respects facilitated, and the engagements of freed negroes to their former masters are not to be renewed. The beneficent influences of slavery and the slave trade have been unconsciously exaggerated by fanatics who thought only of exalting the negro character, without remembering that they were virtually recommending the agency by which it had been elevated. Some part of the philanthropic doctrine is undoubtedly true, for the American freedman is indebted for all the civilization which he possesses to the cupidity which forced his forefathers from a barbarous "home and all its pleasures." Evil, however, is not to be done that good may come; and, especially, evil is not to be done by white men to themselves and their own consciences that good may come to the black and his descendants. It is well, notwithstanding the disturbances in Jamaica, that the slaves in the English West Indies were emancipated thirty years ago, and that the slaves in all the United States, except Kentucky, are now free by law or right of conquest. The merit of inducing Spain to enter on the path of liberation belongs principally to the winning party in the American war.

THE SHENANDOAH.

THE American conflict has been fertile in the suggestion of many new and difficult points in international law, and the arrival of the *Shenandoah* at Liverpool would have given occasion to new difficulties, and have raised many new questions of considerable intricacy, unless Captain WADDELL had been able to prove satisfactorily to our Government that he really knew nothing of the cessation of the war while he was taking prizes. Fortunately he has been able to do this; and the matter is therefore at an end. But it is still worth while to consider what might have happened if his ignorance had not been

established. Let us suppose that he and his crew knew that the war was at an end, or that they wilfully avoided the actual knowledge of that which they had reason to believe. They would then have been guilty of a very great crime. They would have committed robbery and arson, and probably murder, without any excuse. They would have chosen to make war, and to inflict the horrors of war, on their own private account and responsibility. They would have acted, under the influence of the evil passions which war engenders, quite as unjustifiably as the private owner of an English yacht would act who might happen to dislike the EMPEROR of the French, and therefore took it into his head to fire grape into French fishing-boats in the Channel. Such a crime is described in our law-books, and also in the law-books of the United States, as piracy; and a recent case seems to show that, if a person having been guilty of an act of piracy on the high seas escapes to England, he is not to be delivered up even to a country with which we have, as we have with the United States, a Treaty of Extradition, in which piracy is one of the crimes specified, because, as a pirate is an enemy of the whole human race, he may be tried everywhere, and in one place as well as another. It would therefore have been for us to try Captain WADDELL, and to satisfy ourselves as to his knowledge of the fact that the war had ceased. It is impossible to deny that the Americans might have regretted this, and not without some cause. They might reasonably think that we have not shown ourselves very active in prosecuting hitherto where the prosecution would have been one that this Government would have decided. None of the numerous English subjects who infringed our municipal laws by aiding in fitting out Confederate cruisers were prosecuted; and although the Queen's Bench decided in the case we have just referred to, that the alleged pirates could not be given up to the United States because they might be equally well tried in England, yet practically they were, we believe, allowed to escape all legal proceedings against them. It is true that, if all the evidence were properly collected and brought before an English Court, every American who knows England must be aware that rigid justice would certainly be done by all English judges, and probably by an English jury. But it is exceedingly vexatious, annoying, and wearisome for the authorities of one country to have to appear, and bring their evidence, before the tribunals of another country. If we had been obliged to prosecute MÜLLER in Prussia, we need not have exactly doubted the honesty of Prussian Courts, but we should have felt it very tiring and disappointing to have had to depend for justice on a German tribunal.

It would, therefore, have been a subject of great regret if a mere technicality of law, without anything whatever in common sense to support it, had made it incumbent on us to refuse to deliver up Captain WADDELL to the authorities of the United States. It would have been much better that, if *prima facie* evidence had been forthcoming to show that he acted against knowledge or in wilful ignorance, he should have been given up; partly because we should thus have avoided giving offence to the Americans—which may be thought a comparatively small matter—and partly, which is a very great matter, because England is of all countries the most interested in punishing acts of violence against merchant ships; and she would be benefiting herself by aiding in establishing the rule that such acts are to be tried in the courts of the country whose subjects are injured, and which is therefore most likely to exact a fitting retribution. It is only by a mere abuse of phraseology that the creation of this rule is prevented. Acts of violence committed on the high seas are said by lawyers to be piracy. There is no sense in this. They are only piracy because they are like the acts which pirates committed. But then they differ in the essential particular that those who commit them are not pirates. A pirate meant, in the language of common life and common sense, a person who, like the Algerine corsairs, came out of marine strongholds, and plundered every ship of every country he could get hold of. Such a person was, in the flowery language of civilians, "an enemy of the human race," and therefore any country that could catch him might reasonably undertake to hang him. But it is a mere perversion of words to say that every person who commits an act of violence at sea is a pirate, and, as the lawyers say, is to be considered as going to act in other cases like an Algerine corsair. In England many offences are visited more severely upon criminals against whom a previous conviction has been proved; and to lay down that every act of violence at sea shall be considered to be piracy, is about as sensible as it would be to lay down that every man who steals a pocket-handkerchief shall be punished as if he had

been convicted three times of stealing pocket-handkerchiefs already. In the case that came before the Queen's Bench, some passengers on board a Federal merchantman rose on the captain and crew, and seized the ship on behalf of the Confederate Government. The Court held that if they were really acting on behalf of the Confederate Government they would be doing a mere legitimate act of war, but if they were only pretending so to act, then they were "pirates," "enemies of the human race," modern Algerine corsairs, and quite as properly to be tried in Portugal or Greece as in the Federal States. It may be taken for granted that the Court was technically right; but no doctrine could be more repugnant to simple reasoning and to obvious facts. These men were not enemies of the human race, nor in the least like Algerine corsairs. They were, so far as the facts went, persons who had no other enemies than the Federals. And this doctrine certainly seems to conflict with a rule of international law that is laid down very plainly in the ordinary text-books. "Where 'an offence,' writes Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, 'has been committed on board a vessel navigating the open sea, all authorities combine with the reason of the thing in declaring that the territory of the country to which the vessel belongs is to be considered as the locality of the offence; it matters not whether the injured person or the offender belong to a country other than that of the vessel. The rule is applicable to all on board.' And, in accordance with this rule, it has been held that where the crew of a Brazilian slaver killed a British officer sent on board her, the English Courts had no jurisdiction over the offenders who happened to be subsequently taken by an English man-of-war. But the doctrine of the law-books on piracy goes almost so far as to say that if one French sailor stabs another on board a French vessel on the high sea, the inflicter of the wound is a pirate, and may with equal propriety be tried in any civilized country in any part of the world. It would be just as accurate and sensible to do what the religious papers would do, and call him an atheist.

Nor is it very much more sensible to call a man a pirate who, instead of committing an act of violence at sea against a person on board the same ship, commits an act of violence at sea from on board another vessel. The law-books say that if he does this he does a piratical act; and those who do piratical acts are pirates. This is notoriously and manifestly untrue as a general rule. Some men who do such acts really behave very much as Algerine corsairs used to behave. They are ready to plunder and kill any one on any ship, to serve their purposes. Some few years ago some insurgents in Chili seized, and committed murder on board, both an English ship and an American ship, in order that, having got hold of these foreign ships, they might attack some other Chilians. It was an unnecessary and confusing phrase to call these men pirates; but there was some reason in it. They had done acts which showed that they were ready to use violence against the ships of any nation. They proved themselves to be enemies, if not of the human race, yet of a very considerable part of it; and by a pardonable extension of a familiar term their acts might be called piratical. But it was here the particular character of their acts which showed they were pirates, and this character consisted in these acts being, as a matter of fact, directed indifferently against ships of different nations. Proof ought to be given, or a reasonable presumption ought to be created, that a man is a pirate; and then any particular acts such as a pirate would commit might be pronounced piratical, and properly punished with greater severity than would have been shown if the doer had not had this stain of general guilt. But Captain WADDELL could not have been supposed to have acted as the Chilian insurgents acted. He had not shown himself an enemy of the human race, but an enemy of the Federals only. It would, therefore, be a very good thing if the word piracy were got rid of altogether, and we were to agree to deliver up to America all persons charged with acts of violence at sea, on board of or against American ships, a corresponding undertaking being of course given in our favour. Happily the case of Captain WADDELL is now at an end; but we cannot help expressing our regret at the present state of the law, and at the deficiency there appears to be in our Treaty of Extradition.

AUTHORESSES.

THE literary world in the present age seems quite full of authoresses, and as it is understood that lady writers object upon high moral grounds to anything but the most kindly criticism, the task of the critics of the day becomes very difficult. After pronouncing against some third-rate novel which is made up of murders and of moonshine, the critic feels as Diomedes must have felt after wounding Venus in the arm. The injured goddess goes moaning about the magazines, and complaining, to every one she

meets in print, of the brutal conduct of some reviewer who has ventured to hint that her idea of the law of entail is a little peculiar, or that a curate in weak health is not necessarily the type of manly beauty or grandeur. After suffering and resenting this outrage, she falls back on the sympathy of a less irreverent public, and consoles herself with learning from the country papers and the British gentlewomen's monthly periodicals that her book is the book to go to for all those who want a fresh dewy truth to lay upon the human heart, and that many a weary mourner has to thank her for the gentle grace with which she walks through the chambers of the soul. It is almost impossible to persuade the casual authoress that in the republic of letters there is no distinction of sexes, and that a bad novel in three volumes is not the less a bad one because it has been written by a lady who believes that she has a decided vocation for writing it. Yet the high place occupied in modern literature by names like those of Madame Sand, or Miss Austen, or George Eliot, proves that when women really write well the world is perfectly ready to acknowledge it. *Silas Marner* and *Consuelo* have been treated with as much respect as if they had been the productions of princes of the blood; and even minor feminine artists, such as Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Barrett Browning, enjoy an enviable and honourable position among the novelists and poets of the generation. This ought to comfort authoresses, only that they are always refusing to be comforted. They cannot understand that, though the vast majority of women who rush into print write badly, a woman's success will always please the most bloodthirsty male reviewer. And, as a rule, the mass of women writers do write badly. There is no doubt about it; and it is worth considering whether women have, as women, any special capacity—or, on the other hand, any special weakness—which assists them or disables them for literary enterprise. At the first blush, they seem to have many things in their favour. In the first place, they are refined and tender-hearted, and, like Horace's Chorus, are instinctively disposed to sympathise with the good and the poor and the oppressed. No woman would think of letting a character in her novel be a genuine hero who was cruel to flies, or who did not like babies, or who did not hate treading on a snail. Their books have generally a moral purpose, either to bring out the value of true love, or to show that we ought not to mind ugliness in a heroine who is in other respects unobjectionable, or perhaps to teach us that a clergyman who does his duty by the poor is one of the noblest works of God. Then, again, women are observant of small things. This is a considerable step in the direction of insight into character—for character is made up of small qualities combined with great, and it is better to have an eye for the minutiae of character than to have no eye for character at all. Women, lastly, appreciate to the full true and genuine sentimentality, and there are few great works of literary genius into which the best kind of sentimentality does not enter. The reverse side of the medal is, on the other hand, as easy to describe. Few people who are in the habit of reading the ephemeral literature of the day can fail to have observed the deficiency of plot and general effect that characterizes most works of feminine art. George Sand is about the only lady whose plots are excellent, and George Sand is only half a woman. In this respect even George Eliot is not unimpeachable. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than the contrast between the genius exhibited in detail by a story like the *Mill on the Floss*, and the want of completeness in the story as a whole. When we descend to less accomplished performers, we are met with an equally conspicuous want of broad and striking humour. Humour in a subtle and finished form several great authoresses certainly display, but it is a humour which lives in the minute observation of shades of character. Women seldom seem to create either very humorous situations, or characters which of themselves throw a humorous light on all about them. No female writer has ever drawn anything approaching to Mr. Pecksniff, or Major Pendennis, or Uncle Toby; and it may be questioned whether any woman could appreciate the character of Falstaff. Both of these defects spring possibly from a common cause. Humour and plot both depend on an author's true and just estimate of the relations borne by the various parts of his work to one another, and to the whole. And if this be so, we think it is not hard to understand why women stand in some danger of falling short as regards both.

Putting aside rare instances of instinctive and intuitive genius, which being exceptional need not be taken into calculation, one may safely affirm that nothing except a serious study of the great models of literary art will ever give modern writers a thorough conception of what a good plot should be. There are so many temptations in our day to overlay the central conception with ornament, and tawdry finery, that it requires continual self-control and experience of a high kind to bring oneself back to the main purpose and idea, which no ornament or illustration should be permitted to obscure or hide. Greek literature, in this respect, is almost our only treasure-house and repository of perfect art. This does not mean that modern literature ought to be an imitation or parody of it. But if an author or an authoress wants to know what first-rate plots are like, they could not do better than consider the effectiveness as a whole of a Greek tragedy, or a Greek oration, and try to comprehend the principle in virtue of which it is so effective and powerful. It is a pity that the turn which the world has taken in the present century has given over literature to a class of writers who, whatever their merits, are neither great scholars nor great students. Literature loses by the change. Something, perhaps, we gain.

We gain a sort of writing which is suited to the large masses of half-educated men and women who are beginning to enjoy literature, and on whom the highest form of literature would be thrown away. If only students and scholars wrote, we should miss the more or less valuable productions of many whose experience of life, and industry, and knowledge of character, deserve to be perpetuated in a lasting shape. But, although this is an excellent reason why others besides students should enter the literary field, it is no reason at all why those who enter the literary field should not study. A novelist requires training quite as much as a cook, or a painter, or a musician, and a man cannot expect by the naked light of nature to compose a first-rate poem or tale, any more than he can expect, upon tumbling into the water, to be able at once to swim. What is true of the majority of the *littérateurs* of the day is true pre-eminently of authoresses. They want literary training. The nature of a woman's education debars her from the study of the best classical models. Say what one will, it is a misfortune never to have had a chance of reading and digesting Sophocles, or Demosthenes, or Plautus. The inference is not necessarily that all women should learn Greek. There is another inference, which may perhaps be as natural—namely, that women should pause before they take their pens in hand and sit down to draw upon their unpruned wealth of sentiment or imagination. Nor, even if the classics as a means of female training are to be tabooed, is it so certain that the ordinary female curriculum might not be infinitely improved. Next to, and almost on a level with, the study of the ancients comes the study of the highest creations of modern genius. Some fortunate ladies may in their sweet youth have come in contact with the best specimens of the classical literature of their own country; but the number, perhaps, is limited of those who have ever mastered a single great English classic in a serious and artistic way.

In knowledge of the world women stand at a similar disadvantage. That they should be as fitted for literary work as the opposite sex, in respect of their knowledge of the various shades of character and life, is neither possible nor desirable. Half their function in life would be gone if they lost that fine gloss of innocence and delicacy which perhaps is incompatible with a profounder experience of the world. It is their business, and ought to be their pleasure, to preserve intact some of the finer ideals and illusions of the race. They could not do this and know life as the lawyer, or the physician, or the man of business knows it. And not knowing life—except in rare exceptions—they can hardly succeed in painting it. Those exceptional geniuses among them who have qualified themselves for authorship by tasting of the tree of knowledge, have sacrificed on one side what on another they have gained. Genius, perhaps, is a reason for overpassing the prescriptive barriers of sex; but nothing except genius can make up to the world what the world would lose if women were less virginal and primitive. Yet without this wide knowledge of the world all just estimate of character is unattainable. Quick feminine perception gives an insight into little trivialities and mannerisms, but cannot give the power of judging their value and the relation which they bear to the sum total of character itself. A woman's judgment of those whom she meets is usually formed in a peculiar and an unsatisfactory manner. She has a power of seeing little things at a glance. Little things are very important in her own life; she passes her day in coping with them; and she naturally attributes an exaggerated importance to them when she notices them in the life or the bearing of others. From her childhood she has been compelled to watch herself narrowly in trifles, and to adapt herself in trifles to those about her. How they look, and what they say, and where they sit, are all matters on which her comfort and her peace depend, and occupy a considerable share of her thoughts and meditations. She takes abroad with her the same system of narrow observation, and when she comes home has ample time to brood over and to draw conclusions from what she has observed. Her view of character generally is made up of vast and sweeping deductions, based on absurdly minute data. Sometimes it is miraculously right, but oftener it is astoundingly wrong. She remembers what the gentleman who was introduced to her was doing to his watch-chain while he talked, and wonders why on earth he did it, and goes on to consider what a gentleman who fiddles with his watch-chain must be like at heart. Most men have no time to notice incidents of the kind, nor have minute incidents any bearing on their affairs. The small episodes of conversation and of domestic or social life fall off a busy man like water off a duck's back. Nothing astonishes him more than when he comes home at night and finds that some observant old maid aunt has been perplexing her poor head all the day over the insoluble problem whether the person who took her into lunch was quite justified in pronouncing so positively that he did not admire the Prince Consort, or in asserting that governesses were a trying lot. These petty tests of excellence and of defect, by which women measure all their friends and acquaintances, are the main principles which authoresses bring to bear upon the delineation of their favourite characters. They are most particular to inform the reader of the flashing of the hero's eyes when he was in a passion, and how the blood rushed suddenly and naturally to the heroine's pallid lips. The result is a caricature and not a picture—a drawing-room view of the hero as he appears to the female eye, not an adequate portrait of a man. A singular illustration of this was afforded the other day by a correspondence that took place between Miss Braddon and an able evening cotemporary. The reviewer had, upon the whole, condemned Miss Braddon's latest work, and

par parenthèse, had remarked on the singular freedom with which one of the heroines had greeted a gentleman on his first interview with her. Miss Braddon appears to have been bitterly wounded by the remark. She did not think it worth while to defend the general scope or tenor of her story; but she wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to justify the lady's holding out her hand to the gentleman. She thought that, on the whole, it was a natural thing, under the circumstances, and was offended that any one should question her accuracy in so serious a matter of detail. Authoresses will continue to make their plots odd, and their character-painting poor, as long as they are liable to the delusion that knowledge of the world is synonymous with a knowledge of the way in which a hero bites his lip, or a heroine holds out her hand. As we have said, knowledge of the world is not a gift which a kind divinity would care to bestow on women. They know enough of the cares of life, without being initiated into its vices and its shadows. But, so long as knowledge of the world is indispensable in a novel, so long must authoresses who will write be content to submit to those criticisms which ignorance of the world in a novelist deserves and requires. The wisest thing for a woman is to abstain from pen and ink, unless her vocation is indisputable. The enemy of mankind takes different forms. For the female sex he possibly often assumes the delusive form of a publisher of three-volume novels. The best advice for man to give his fair and tempted sisters is the counterpart of the advice which Odysseus followed with so much success when he came to the dwelling-places of the Sirens. Let women who are tempted to be authoresses, whenever the insidious publisher appears, close their ears and sail quickly by, singing the praises of the gods. Anybody may be a consumer of literary produce. When we come to talk of production, the burden of proof shifts, and it is for the producer to show cause why he or she should be a producer. Mere love of the occupation is not a sufficient reason. What the Vicomte says in the *Comtesse of Escarbagnas* about poetry, may be applied also to romance. "Il est permis d'être parfois assez fou pour faire des vers, mais non pour vouloir qu'ils soient vus."

SINS AGAINST HEALTH.

THERE are a good many reasons which may help to explain what is, at first sight, the extraordinary fact that bodily health is only just coming to take a first place among the objects of a reasonable man's interest. Of course the methods of healing sickness have always attracted a large measure of attention, because downright sickness is disabling in a way that is too plain and irresistible to be overlooked. Everybody will do his best to get rid of pain when it is on him. But the conception of health as something much more than the mere absence of a prostrating or unmistakably disagreeable malady is considerably slower in making way. When Lord Stanley talks about health being "the state in which existence itself is felt to be an enjoyment, in which all simple and natural pleasures are appreciated, and the little every-day anxieties of our business sit lightly upon us," his definition seems a mere commonplace truism. Nobody could reasonably maintain that health is anything short of this. But there are uncommonly few people who could pretend that, in practice, they make the attainment of this blessed state such an object as they unquestionably would if they fully realized its blessedness. Theoretically, we pray for health as the best gift which the gods have to bestow; but when the matter is left in our own hands, there are a hundred other goods which we never hesitate about silently preferring. It is rather startling to think how few persons one knows who do not habitually sacrifice health for some other advantage confessedly less worth having. And not the least startling thing is that the few who have the sense to make health really their first aim are not seldom the dullest blockheads in the choice of all other aims. At the Universities, for example, and among the best sets of young men in London and other large cities, the men of muscle are not commonly the men of brain. There are more exceptions than there used to be, it is true; but the hard-reading man, as a rule, still too generally contents himself with that miserable and delusive form of exercise, a constitutional. London is supposed to be the centre of intellect, and if we wish for a measure of the space which thought for the body occupies among us, it may be found in the pitiful provision made for gymnastic exercises in the metropolis. With the exception of one or two comparatively small private establishments (and those expensive) and the German rooms, there is nothing. Half a dozen of such halls as that which Mr. Maclaren superintends at Oxford would make London a perfect sanatorium for the hard-worked mortals who are compelled to live there the greater part of the year. It is a great wonder that the idea has never occurred to one of those ingenious beings who make it their business to promote companies. If one or two fine gymnasiums, well fitted up, and with competent superintendents, were established in convenient situations, the shareholders could not fail to get a decent dividend, and they would earn the blessings of mankind into the bargain. The promoter may reasonably express his indifference to the latter, but, as leading to the former, they are not without their value. A gymnasium is neither the pleasantest nor the most effective form of taking exercise, but, unluckily, everybody cannot afford to keep a horse. The persistence with which doctors urge horse-exercise is, to the majority, as absurd as the persistence with which they recommend plenty of old port or sound dry sherry,

together with good living, to paupers. Those who cannot ride must walk, as the saying is; and those who find walking, for its own sake, very dull and mechanical, and in all respects the very reverse of refreshing, ought to be able to go to a gymnasium, if this were really "the best of all possible worlds."

But the scantiness of gymnasiums is not the only symptom that men are more ready to talk than to act as if health were the prime good. Gymnastics are not the only form of exercise, and exercise is not the only condition—perhaps not in all respects the most important condition—of health. The way in which people eat and drink has as much as anything else to do with the sense of freedom and elasticity in all their faculties. The prevalent recklessness in this respect is amazing beyond description. We dine at one hour one day, and another the next; or we take a hearty meal immediately after rising from a hard day's work, or immediately before going to bed; or, like Wellington when he dined with Cambacères, we don't care what we eat, and take anything which a flippant-minded cook chooses to serve. As somebody has said, melted butter is the bane of English society, and melted butter is only a type of other popular poisons. There are persons, we believe, who eat pork. And an ingenious writer has recently suggested that people who cannot afford to give stylish dinner-parties should ask their friends to supper; that is to say, you should ask your friend to take at nine or half-past a quantity of food which will not be digested much before two or three in the morning, and, if he goes to sleep meanwhile, will probably never be digested at all. Men, in other respects in their senses, have been heard to declare that they would as soon drink bad wine as good. But there is no end to the barbarous eccentricities which we permit ourselves in the matter of diet. The spectacle of an ordinary dinner-party, with its admixture of rich meats and various wines, is a sufficiently familiar instance. And there are people who readily admit all about health being "that state in which existence itself is felt to be an enjoyment, and the little anxieties of our businesses sit lightly upon us," and who value it accordingly in theory, and yet who are charmed with that most astounding invention of modern civilization, a fish-dinner at Greenwich or Blackwall. Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, and with obvious justice, that attention to health is a moral duty. It is a duty, too, which one finds an immediate reward in observing. The reward of being charitable or industrious is not; under all circumstances, direct and palpable; but a man who abstains from what he knows will make him feel cloudy or uncomfortable, or prevent him from working as he wishes to do, gets his *quid pro quo* in the most prompt and undeniable shape.

Excessive brain-work is probably the side on which some of the most useful men sin most recklessly. Exercise and regularity and care about food may counterbalance the mischief up to a certain point, but the fuel can never be supplied with a rapidity and certainty proportionate to the consumption. The long lives of the judges are commonly held up as a proof that the hardest work is not inconsistent with health. But it is worth while to consider that, though a judge works a good deal, it is not all work which taxes his mind very severely. It is not like the work of an original author, for instance. The judge sits a great many hours of every year in a court, but his mind is not keenly on the stretch throughout the whole of every case, perhaps not even of the majority of cases. And, in the second place, a judge always has an enormously long rest once a year. The vacation is long enough to permit a thorough renovation, and this is the great thing. Every holiday is so far an advantage; but there can be no doubt that one prolonged change of occupation and surrounding is of a better kind than a number of short changes, not one of which is sufficient to allow the system entirely to recover. It is a mistake, therefore, to argue from the example of the Bench that a man may work his brain eight or ten hours a day, most days in the year, without seriously impairing his health. Yet men of all sorts and conditions are constantly attempting this impossible feat. Men of business and politicians and students and journalists all supply instances of the fatal sin of the time. It takes so long to rid the mind of an old habit of looking at things.

And, as we began by saying, the idea that it is unworthy to care about the body has more than one root. First, there is the Puritanic misinterpretation of the Gospel injunction that we are to take no heed for the body. For a being with an immortal soul to save to trouble himself about its perishable case was thought preposterous. To feel any concern whether your skin is clean or foul, whether your muscles are braced or flaccid, whether your nerves are in good order, whether your lungs and heart play freely and healthily, all this has been deemed a sign of a carnal and worldly spirit. John Knox would no doubt have denounced a gymnasium as bitterly as a mass-house. Then, among others whom theological considerations are not likely to influence, the spirit of philosophic asceticism has had weight. The body must be mortified and neglected, so that the understanding may be clearer and more entirely disengaged. Just as the Puritan considered every moment given to the body as so much subtracted from the chances of the soul, the intellectual ascetic views every moment given to the body as so much reading and thinking and writing lost to the individual and the world. One of the old students, like Bayle, for example, would have thought gymnastics or riding not a bit less frivolous than dancing minuets. And this ascetic spirit survives into unscholastic days. Not a few hide-bound old merchants would even now, in their hearts, place a gymnasium scarcely one degree above a casino. Lord Stanley's

admission that at Liverpool many of the young clerks who use the gymnasium there "take to these exercises with an enthusiasm that is quite remarkable," will be a good text for the pleasant persons who think that a clerk should go home at night and read Political Economy or the History of Commerce till bed-time. It is an immense comfort to think that this particular class of fools, at all events, is rapidly on the decrease. But then there are other influences at work which may create a force almost equally hostile to the rational view. The desire to be rich at all cost, or to be famous, or to rise to the top of a profession, is just as likely to make a man inattentive to the claims of his body as the old conviction that it is wicked to feel any concern about it. Lord Stanley expressed his opinion that the man with a quick brain and an excitable nervous system, but with a feeble and badly-developed frame, is as unsatisfactory a result of anything pretending to be a system as a navy or a ploughman, who has run all to muscle and kept no brain. Wherever there is room for deliberate choice—that is, wherever a man is born with a fair constitution which foolish parents have not ruined—this is not at all too strong a judgment. And all growing opinion is in this direction. "If it were possible," as Lord Stanley said, "to trace the history of families in detail, we should be startled to find how many of those engaged in purely sedentary pursuits die out, and how the gaps have to be filled up, year after year, from the hardier rural population." The constant evidence of this, and of the other evils which Lord Stanley only hinted at as resulting from continual sedentariness, will help and fit in with the wise philosophy which teaches that a human being should develop himself all round; and that anybody who neglects his bodily health is just as much shirking his moral obligations as if he took no care of his money or his intellect or anything else which can conduce to his happiness. For one reason, if for no other, a man is morally bound to seek vigorous health. A feeble and sickly father is most likely to have a feeble and sickly progeny; and, even if he likes being feeble himself, one cannot imagine anything more wicked than the entailing, by carelessness and folly, the curse of ill-health on the next generation.

And the same consideration may set the people of Liverpool and elsewhere reflecting whether a gymnasium is not equally desirable for women. The increased health and vigour of a woman who takes moderate and suitable gymnastic exercise are well known to the gymnastic teachers who have had female pupils. Of course the notion is one at which fools grin. It is not familiar; and, with respect to ideas, it is novelty, and not familiarity, which breeds contempt. But it is not too much to say that three-fourths of the lethargy and weariness of which men complain in women, and of which women themselves are much more bitterly sensible than men, are due to their entire abstinence in a general way from anything like active exercise. Physiologists explain why this is the case. Family doctors harangue about it, and insist upon exercise. And the form in which their prescription is carried out is a lounge three or four times round the gardens of the Square. It is strongly to be hoped that, when women get their "rights," the first use to which they put them will be to erect gymnasiums for themselves. Perhaps they might do it with advantage even without waiting for their rights.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TIMES ON COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

EVERYBODY has by this time read and admired Mr. Gladstone's farewell speech to the University of Edinburgh; every scholar has by this time wondered that such a mind as his has not yet contrived to rid itself of some of the crudest and haziest notions that ever beset any mind. When Mr. Gladstone published his studies on Homer, it was amazing to find him completely ignoring all the results of Comparative Mythology, because it appeared that, even then, he had read Professor Max Müller's first paper on the subject in the Oxford Essays. As we have often said before, no man is bound to accept Professor Müller's doctrines wholesale. They are open to criticism like anything else; they have their difficulties in detail, some of which have been urged with much force by Mr. Gladstone himself. For instance, it is a manifest difficulty at starting, that several of the myths which Professor Müller's theory requires us to look on as common Aryan property are such as, on any other showing, we should have distinctly set down as post-Homeric. It is therefore open to Mr. Gladstone or to any one else to dispute any of the details of the Comparative system. But it is amazing to find Mr. Gladstone still not accepting, seemingly even not taking in, the one principle on which the system itself rests. He still does not seem to realize that Greek mythology cannot be studied by itself, but must be simply taken as one branch of Aryan mythology. When we have found the common element in the Greek, the Indian, the Italian, the Teutonic, and all the other forms of the common stock, then, and not before, we may ask whether this common element has any relation to the faith of Hebrews, Assyrians, New Zealanders, or anybody else. Mr. Gladstone still cleaves to his old fancy that Apollo is somehow a tradition of the Second Person of the Trinity. To say nothing of other objections, there is this fatal one at the first step. What Mr. Gladstone compares with the Christian belief is the full-grown Apollo of the Iliad. What he compares with the Apollo of the Iliad is the full-grown revelation of Christian belief. Such a proceeding is utterly

unscientific. If Mr. Gladstone can trace the Homeric Apollo back to its primitive origin in the common Aryan stock, and if he can then find any ground for asserting an identity between such primitive conception and our first records of Hebrew belief in the Pentateuch, he will go through a perfectly legitimate process, and the result may conceivably be what he says. But till he has gone through this whole process, he has no right to talk about the matter. Mr. Gladstone still holds that Bochart and that school, whose principle was to hunt for traces of all the Scriptural personages and events in the Greek mythology, were sound in their principle, however deeply they may have erred in detail. To a Comparative Mythologist it is clear that, though it is just possible that they might now and then stumble on a truth in detail, their principle is rotten from beginning to end. On the other hand, though Professor Müller, Mr. Cox, or any other of the same school, may go wrong in detail to any amount—and in so new a study it is morally certain that they will go wrong to some amount—their principle remains where it was, the one sound and scientific way of looking at the subject. We speak of this point only in Mr. Gladstone's speech. In other parts, especially in his general picture of the Homeric age, there is much that is as true as it is brilliant. But it is both strange and unlucky that one who, from so many points of view, is as competent as any man living to illustrate his subject, should break down at the threshold, not so much from ignorance as, it would seem, from wilful rejection of the results of scientific ethnology, philology, and mythology.

But let us turn from Mr. Gladstone to his critics in the *Times*. Of these there are two, who speak with very different voices. The article of Tuesday reads as if it had been given to the world expressly to keep up the character of the paper, which had been so grievously endangered by the article of Monday. It does not go again over the same ground as that of Monday, but grapples in a rational way with other points of Mr. Gladstone's speech on which it is not now our business to enter. But the one performance ought not to cause the other to be forgotten. If Mr. Gladstone is sometimes strange, his censor of last Monday is incomparably stranger. We read the article with a feeling of simple puzzlement. What does it all mean? Mr. Gladstone is blamed for not being "clear" and "full" enough. Now, though we think that Mr. Gladstone has gone quite wrong on some great points, we at least know what he means. But we have not the faintest notion what the *Times* means. Throughout the article there is that affectation of a hidden wisdom, that sort of hinting that there is something very deep behind, if we only could see it, which is one of the finest ways of concealing emptiness. Mr. Gladstone promised to talk about Greece, and he did talk about Greece. He had a free choice of a subject, and he, in our unenlightened eyes, seems to have done wisely in choosing a subject which he had carefully studied and to which, in many respects, he could do thorough justice. The *Times* first blames him for saying "Greece," and not saying "ancient civilization" or some such term. At least we suppose it is meant for blame when the *Times* says it would have done otherwise itself. Then the *Times* turns about, and thinks that "on the whole it may seem at least unnecessary to wish for a larger expression than 'Greece' in this argument." Then it turns about again, and "feels more and more scruples against calling it simply 'Greece.'" As the *Times* seems to crave for some mythology other than that of Greece, let us suggest the Italian Vertumnus as the most fitting object for its devotions.

The whole thing is mysterious. When the *Times* talks metaphor, of course we do not presume to understand. When we are told that "the gods and demigods of Greece seem to lead the way in that wondrous procession," without being told what the wondrous procession is, whence it set out and where it ended its journey, we know no more than we did before. Presently we read, "The part, therefore, and that the most prominent part, may be taken for the whole, especially when the part is palpable, and the whole is indistinct." This gives us a notion, but a notion anything but palpable, and altogether indistinct, that "Greece" is a part of something else—seemingly a part of "ancient civilization." Now, that Greece is a part of something else, we freely admit; whether it is a part of "ancient civilization" we can neither affirm nor deny till we know what the *Times* means by "ancient civilization." Then the *Times* asks, "If we look to the beginning, what elements made up the Achaean race?" We answer unhesitatingly that no elements ever made up any race, the Hellenic least of all. "Whence did it come? When and where was it so severed from the great parent stock as to receive a distinct mission and a peculiar impress for its high purpose?" Now does the *Times* by this question mean anything or nothing? Are these all simply big words for the sake of big words, or is the *Times* really trying to find out the relation of the Greeks to other Aryan nations? The latter more charitable view is dashed to the ground by what follows:—"Coming down the stream of time, we cannot consider the Romans as a mere derivation from the Greeks, but so far as regards the present question, their religion, their moral system, and their social usages were capable of a comparison with the Greek of a long previous age." This is very mysterious; the English is odd, and the sense, so far as it can be said to have any sense, is odder still. First of all, the man who thinks it needful to deny, in a somewhat flustering way, that the Romans are "a mere derivation"—whatever that may be—from the Greeks, is really rather like the scholar who wrote a book to prove that Mahomet never was a Cardinal at Rome. Then we are specially anxious to know how far down the stream of time we are to come. We are

never quite sure of our navigation on such metaphorical waters, and we should like to have a chart to tell us where to stop. But we sail down to some age or other, and then we have to stop and compare the Romans, seemingly of that age, with the Greeks of some "long previous age." This suggests one or two questions. In what sense is the Roman religion, &c. "capable of comparison with the Greek of a long previous age"? Does "capable of comparison" mean "a fit object of scientific comparison," or is it simply a grand way of saying that the Roman of a certain age was as good as, if not better than, the Greek of some other age? One is further tempted to ask, Why pick out the Roman rather than any other form of Italian? Why compare the Roman of one age with the Greek of another? And, in any case, why not tell us what age of Rome and what age of Greece are to be compared together? Without knowing at least thus much, we cannot undertake to make the comparison; but we have no data as to the proper points on the stream of time, except that both are higher up than some lower point where "we find a Roman civilization absorbing the Greek, and not a mere corruption or diffusion of it." This again is beyond us, and what follows does not make matters clearer. "It is true that the literature of Rome might have a very borrowed character, and that the arts and philosophy confessedly came from Greece. But these do not make a people, and there must have been a very strong stock of existing tradition to bear such splendid grafts." Here we lose ourselves in metaphor. What stock bore what grafts? If the *Times* would give us a date, we might be able to guess. At present we can only conjecture that the *Times* fancies that somebody fancies that Rome was a mere Greek colony. If anybody now living ever fancied such a thing, it must have been the *Times* itself before it learned better. Mr. Gladstone at least cannot be charged with such heresy as this.

The *Times*, in short, "objects to a thesis which puts Rome out of the question altogether." What is a "thesis"? And if Mr. Gladstone engages to talk about Greece, why is he bound to talk about Rome? To mend matters, the *Times* then runs quite away from both Greece and Rome. Mr. Gladstone was wrong to "put mythology in the foreground of his argument," but, as he has done so, the *Times* "asks justice for that of the other European nations." By all means let us have justice to gods and men everywhere—justice to Teutates, justice to our own Woden, justice to Zernebok himself. "Naebod prays for the puer de'il"; the *Times*, we thought, was going to wipe away the reproach, and to do justice even to the swarthy demon of the Wends. But it seems that, after all, this cruise into foreign parts is meant only to do justice to the Hellenic Apollo. What follows we can do little more than transcribe and wonder at:—

From a period which was ancient in the days of Herodotus, five centuries before the Christian era, Hyperboreans, Northmen, as likely as not including inhabitants of the British Isles, performed an annual pilgrimage to the Island of Delos to worship Apollo. This is the very deity selected by Mr. Gladstone from various competitors as most specially embodying the tradition of deity born into the race of man; and of the four ancient types of Apollo he gives the pre-eminence to that which came from the North. We may observe, by the way, that the selection of Apollo has special difficulties upon which Mr. Gladstone is wholly silent. The deity was always beautiful, but it was the triumphant and even malevolent beauty of the Belvidere, or the soft, effeminate beauty of the later examples. He had quite lost the lightning force of Thor, the Northern Apollo, and instead of thunderbolts he launched arrows. On the contrary, it is impossible to see an antique of Jupiter, or Neptune, or a river god, without suspecting some such source for the features traditionally attributed to the Saviour.

A few questions are all that we can here venture on. Does the word "Northmen" mean anything or nothing? Is it simply meant as a translation of "Hyperboreans," or does the *Times* commit itself to a theory that the Hyperboreans were Scandinavians? Why should the "Hyperboreans," as likely as not, include inhabitants of the British Isles? Were there any Scandinavians in the British Isles in the time of Herodotus, and in some time which then was already ancient? Does the *Times* seriously believe in this "annual pilgrimage" of Scandinavians or somebody, which we certainly cannot get out of the text of our Herodotus? Again, is it quite certain that Thor is the Northern Apollo? To be sure, Thor, like Apollo, has a father, and a father not hurled, like Kronos, to Tartarus or Nifelheim. But is not *Thunderdag*, *Donnerstag*, the same as *Dies Jovis* all over the world? Was the *Times* afraid of reawakening Mr. Trollope's old joke? Mr. Gladstone says that the Greeks had a Jovial religion, and this article strikes us as a singularly Jovial way of dealing with that religion and with everything else.

The *Times* "hopes to grasp long the early elements and constituents of Greek civilization." We do not know what the process of "grasping long" is. Poetic lovers sometimes talk of "a long embrace," but surely this is going too far in the way of metaphor, even for the *Times*. But, seriously, what does this talk about "elements," "constituents," and so forth, mean? The *Times* studiously veils the whole thing in mystery. Is the *Times* really anxious to find out, by the light of Comparative science, something about the relation of the Greeks to their brethren—Indian, Persian, Italian, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic? Or are we to have another flood of talk about Jews, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Zeus himself alone can tell what? If the latter, the *Times* need not quarrel with Mr. Gladstone; he is a great deal too Semitic as it is. If the former, the *Times* does itself injustice. The *Times* "asks that it may have its way of speaking as Mr. Gladstone has one of his own." If this is the *Times*' chosen way of speaking about Comparative Mythology, we can

only say that it chooses a way of speaking which admirably tends to hide its light, if it has any light, under a bushel. Mr. Gladstone's way of speaking is at least intelligible; we know what he means, and we can undoubtedly say that we think him wrong. The *Times* cannot be said to be either right or wrong, because its words are utterly meaningless. To the general reader, for aught we know, talk about Thor and the Hyperboreans may come under the general head—"omne ignotum pro magnifico." From the beginning to the end we get nothing but the sweet word Mesopotamia, and that we do not presume to understand.

WITCHCRAFT.

A WRITER in *Fraser's Magazine* discusses a rather curious question lately raised by Mr. Lecky in his work on Rationalism. If we hear that an old woman has been riding on a broomstick through the air, we set down the story as simply absurd. A great number even of people who believe that mahogany tables prance and walk up stairs at the bidding of spirits would refuse to believe the broomstick story. On the other hand, grave and learned men in the seventeenth century would have accepted it as a highly probable anecdote. They would have been ready to hear evidence, and to burn the old woman on the strength of it with the utmost complacency. Now the remarkable circumstance, according to Mr. Lecky, is that this change in men's views about old women and broomsticks took place with extraordinary rapidity; that, whereas everybody believed that the performance was quite an every-day affair in the middle of the seventeenth century, everybody thought it too absurd for serious refutation by the middle of the eighteenth; and further, which is more remarkable, that the change took place, not in obedience to argument, but in defiance of it. The wisest and most learned men wrote ponderous folios to prove that old women both could, and constantly did, ride upon broomsticks, and perform other diabolical feats, and they supported their proofs by "vast and varied" evidence; yet, in defiance of wisdom and learning and evidence, the belief not merely decayed, but, as it were, suddenly went out. Thus an old-established belief, backed by authority of the weightiest kind, was extinguished all at once, not by reasoning, but by a change which Mr. Lecky describes as the progress of Rationalism. People took to explaining things by reference to natural causes instead of diabolical agency, and the creed of witchcraft expired without controversy. To this the writer in *Fraser* replies, with a great deal of force, that Mr. Lecky very much exaggerates the supposed weight of authority; that the "vast and varied evidence" consisted of an immense mass of unsupported stories, collected in a credulous age without examination; that, as soon as it was examined, it tumbled to pieces by its own intrinsic weakness; and that, whatever might be the case with the uneducated multitude, reasoning men had the best possible grounds for changing their minds. The stories about witchcraft were second-hand reports from somebody who had heard somebody else say that some old woman had produced diseases, or had made a trip on a gont to meet the devil by night, and who of course had himself had no ocular demonstration of the fact; or, if direct evidence was produced, it had only been obtained by such pleasant practices as breaking all the bones in a man's legs in the boots, and driving needles under every nail of his fingers.

There is no doubt a good deal of truth in this, but it does not seem to us entirely to explain the facts. The change was apparently more rapid than could have been produced by any change in the power of examining evidence. A good many people were shrewd enough to point out the absurdity and the defective proofs of the witchcraft stories at the time when they were most prevalent; a good many wise men continued to assert their possibility even when no particular cases continued to be brought forward. It would be very rash to say that any very large number of people are even now intelligent enough to repel a good witchcraft story as peremptorily as science would bid them. It happens to be the fashion, for obvious reasons, for spiritualists to attribute their power in modern times to communion with such unimpeachable spirits as Plato, Shakspeare, or the late Prince Consort. But, if the Davenport Brothers had asserted that the devil untied them, and that they always repeated the Lord's Prayer backwards before they got into their cabinet, it seems likely that they would have obtained a good number of believers. It would not, indeed, have been so respectable an exhibition, but we see no reason why it should have excited more incredulity. One spirit ought to be able to undo a complicated knot as well as another. The great mass of mankind do not appear, if we judge by this test, to be very deeply penetrated with the spirit of rationalism, as Mr. Lecky apparently believes; their opinions do not always change, that is, in obedience to some mysterious law of development. And yet it hardly seems to be true, as a fact, that even educated men changed their views as to witchcraft in consequence of any serious examination. The belief dropped rather than was slain. The true explanation of the facts seems to be slightly different, although both of the theories advanced have an obvious relation to it.

We may, of course, assume that no old woman ever did ride on a broomstick, and that no Satanic Sabbath ever was really celebrated. The superstition was as entirely groundless as the belief that St. Patrick crossed the Channel with his head under his arm, or that the wild huntsman is nightly hunted through the woods of Germany. It was a mere baseless imagination, supported chiefly by enormous lying. It is true that in certain cases facts

might be alleged in support of the opinion; but they were mere pegs to hang the opinion upon, not observed phenomena which originally suggested it. Sometimes, a disagreeable old lady who kept a black cat might curse one of her neighbours; and, by an occasional coincidence, the neighbour might sicken and die. In such a case, the theory that the old lady had had dealings with the devil was, under the circumstances of the time, a not unnatural, and apparently a highly probable, way of accounting for the facts. The only suppositions which it involved were such as every one would be glad to admit. It was well known that there was a devil, that he was very malicious, that he had considerable, though ill-defined, power, and that he had a propensity for consorting with ill-favoured old ladies with black cats. But such events certainly did not give rise to the theory. The whole machinery of witchcraft, the diabolic compacts, and the infernal Sabbaths, the imps and the devil's marks, had been invented *a priori*; every now and then they might fit in happily with certain observed facts, and appear to explain them. But this was a rare chance; and, as a rule, the superstition might be confirmed by observation, but could not possibly have been suggested by it. This is not by any means the case with all the notions classed under the general head of superstition. The Chinese observed an eclipse, and invented a dragon eating up the sun to account for it; our ancestors saw a thunderstorm, and fancied that there must be a god who was employed in hurling the bolts which made such a noise. In such cases the superstition may possibly employ existing mythological machinery; but it is an attempt, as far as it goes, to give an intelligible account of something bewildering to the uncivilized mind. It can only be driven out by giving some better explanation. The disappearance of the nun will be taken for evidence of the observed existence of the dragon, until some one shows that there is a simpler means of producing darkness, and then, the dragon's occupation having gone, any one may believe in him or not as he chooses. He will be a dragon at large, and as he has no particular attributes left, he will probably fade out of people's memory. The imaginary witch-machinery, as soon as any reason diverted men's minds from it, would be in just the same position as the dragon. No facts would occur, or facts would occur very rarely, which called for the intervention of diabolical agency. The belief would then die out, because it had no root. It would not be confuted, but people would cease to take any interest in it. The abstract possibility that the devil might be summoned by evil-disposed people, and set to work to spite their neighbours, would perhaps not be denied. It might even be asserted as an article of belief. But if there was no occasion on which he ever thought it worth while to put in an appearance, his power would soon become as obsolete as a royal prerogative of veto; if he never chose to exercise his rights, he might as well possess none whatever, and he would be another example of the universal applicability of the proverb, "out of sight out of mind."

Now it seems as if the change upon which Mr. Lecky dwells was rather a change of this nature than a change in speculative opinions. The belief in the possibility of witchcraft had once been universal. There was a time when the world was peopled in every direction by supernatural beings, who carried on all the processes of nature, or interfered with them, as the case might be. And the power of entering by some means into communion with such beings was as universally supposed to exist. The belief has been gradually growing extinct, or been narrowed by degrees within more reasonable limits. We have learnt to attribute one class of phenomena after another to natural causes; we have grown content to say that thunder is due to electricity, instead of calling upon a special being to control it. We have learnt, or rather some people have learnt, that spirits are not in the habit of constantly interfering in human affairs—helping old women to ride broomsticks, and causing young girls to swallow pins. A great many persons, however—probably even the great majority of people at the present day—do not deny the possibility of such occurrences; they only fail to meet with any particular instances of them. They never meet old women flying about on broomsticks, and it therefore does not strike them that such practices are carried on by diabolic assistance. They have learnt at school to attribute a good many phenomena to natural causes, but they have by no means learnt to deny that other causes may often operate; on the contrary, whenever a chance, such as that of the Davenport, occurs, they show themselves perfectly ready to accept the most superstitious explanation. Now the change in the general current of opinion, so far as it has changed, has been produced by slow and laborious scientific reasonings; and the change has been as gradual and as free from any abrupt transitions as might be expected from the means employed. Hard battles have been fought at every point in the line, and one position has been slowly wrested after another from the hands of the enemy. Every stage in what Mr. Lecky calls the progress of rationalism thus appears to us to be naturally accounted for by corresponding efforts of scientific thinkers. But the sudden outburst, and equally sudden decay, of the witchcraft mania belongs to a different order of progress altogether. People once believed in witchcraft universally, without troubling themselves to detect any particular cases; they were often as free from excitement about it, when it was the official creed, as we are now that its existence is in great measure discredited. But at intervals there have arisen certain paroxysms of persecution. The remarkable thing in the seventeenth century was not that people believed with unusual vehemence that witchcraft was a possible crime, and afterwards abandoned that belief,

but that they suddenly took it into their heads that A, B, and C were actually witches, and that they burnt and tortured them accordingly. The severity of the persecution was in no sense a measure of the intensity of the belief; the faith in the existence of witchcraft did not increase in proportion to the number of witches burnt, and die out as witches were left alone. Other causes made it convenient to raise the world against the unlucky witches; every good conservative of course joined in the cry, and there could be no difficulty in filling any number of folios with vast and varied evidence, in days when evidence was so slightly scrutinized, and collected by such very effective means. When there was a preconceived propensity to believe any story, and a power to fill up all gaps in the evidence by thumb-screws and iron-boots, a learned judge must have been dull indeed if he could not adduce proofs enough to satisfy any candid mind. The opponents of the creed laboured under obvious disadvantages. It was unpleasant to be literally the devil's advocate; it subjected a man to the charge of freethinking; and, at best, it could only result in saving the lives of a few dirty and ignorant old women. We do not wonder that the orthodox controversialists had the best of it, and still less that the effect of their arguments died away so soon as people's attention was diverted elsewhere. The change seems to be due neither to a sudden increase of "rationalism" nor to any improvement in the examination of evidence. It was not a change of opinion, but of circumstances.

The explanation of the rise and fall of such fits of hallucination should not, therefore, be sought in intellectual progress so much as in the accidental circumstances which turned men's minds in a particular direction. The question is not why men had formed a particular theory, but why their dreams happened to run on a particular subject. The explanation would probably not be a very difficult one. The persecution of witches was the natural result of the great convulsion in the theological world. Witchcraft was made prominent by the persecutions directed against it. The burning of witches was a natural complement to the burning of heretics. The ecclesiastical power tried to defend itself by such means as the Inquisition; and the Inquisition was bound to supply itself with food. When heretics were scarce, the converts had to be beaten for witches; and as they were mere creatures of the imagination, and no real evidence was required to identify them, it was easy enough to start as many as were required. The same process was carried on by the Scotch and New England clergy. It was an excellent thing for church discipline to burn people for dealing with the devil, and there could be no serious difficulty in identifying the particular old women who were likely to do it. By degrees, and by sufficiently notorious means, this power was wrested from the hands of the clergy. Toleration was slowly understood, and discipline became relaxed. When people ceased to have their imaginations stirred up, they naturally ceased to find witches. It was no longer a point of honour with any one to detect the devil in his nefarious practices; they waited for him to make his presence known; and as no witchcraft ever took place, for the simple reason that it was impossible, it soon passed out of people's minds. Its theoretical existence was not generally denied, but practically no one thought of it; when there was no excitement on the subject, the sceptical observers (whose existence, by the way, is conclusively proved by the pains that were taken to confute them) could speak freely. It was no one's interest to reply to them. The universal nightmare ceased, not because people generally had found out that they were dreaming, but because the disease had gradually spent its force.

It would thus seem that the decline of the witchcraft superstitions was not due to Mr. Lecky's supposed cause—a mysterious growth of rationalism, independent of argument or reason. The very outburst, as well as the decline, was a proof that rationalism, as he understands it, was very gradually gaining the upper hand. It was generated by the last struggle of the opposing forces. It was a baseless fancy produced by certain social changes. But neither was witchcraft deliberately slain by argument. It became unimportant, or of merely speculative interest, as soon as men's eyes were turned in another direction. The only thing that we can even now say is, that we have by degrees gained a security against its ever breaking out again. The ignorant classes are quite capable of believing equal absurdities. But the intelligent classes have, by a series of careful and scientific reasonings, been enabled to see the folly of any such belief, and it has been slowly hammered into ignorant minds that the intelligent classes are generally to be trusted. Most men are not capable of working out the results for themselves, but the results have the weight of a certain slowly-acquired prestige.

THE EDINBURGH RECTORSHIP.

A FEARFUL responsibility has been laid upon the ingenuous youths who have the good fortune to be Edinburgh students. They are called upon to make choice between the Wiggeries and the Doggeries on the one hand, and the Immensities and Veracities on the other; in other words, to decide whether they will have Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Carlyle to be Rector over them. Mr. Carlyle's claims rest upon his great learning, his insight, and his general enforcement of the grandest principles. Mr. Disraeli is stated by his supporters to be "an independent and original thinker and a member of Parliament," which rather reminds one of the description of Mr. Boyle as the father of Chemistry and the brother of the Earl of Cork, or of the lady who wished to borrow money on the

combined security of a spotless reputation and a rosewood piano. But what strikes an adult as bathos appears to ambitious youth a noble climax—"an author, an orator, an independent and original thinker, and a member of Parliament." What dizzier height could any mortal hope to scale? Surely after this the Rectorship of Edinburgh University is the solitary distinction that is left for human ambition to covet. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli has been less markedly successful as a member of Parliament than as an independent and original thinker. The Edinburgh supporters of his rival may with some reason call the Conservative leader, in his political capacity, a Phantasm Captain or a Chief of Doggeries. But his most malignant foe cannot deny the distinguished success of that famous independent and original speculation about the Down and the Cotswold. That, at least, is a contribution to the stock of human thought which the world will not willingly let die. The happy audacity, the practical beneficence, of this most memorable idea may well incite the generous boys of Edinburgh to endeavour to place its originator on the pedestal to which such genius has a claim.

It is greatly to be regretted that the election is not conducted in the same fashion as the elections for members of Parliament, in which each candidate gracefully urges his own pretensions, and vigorously disparages those of his opponent. In the present instance, both the candidates possess remarkable powers of vituperation. It would be hard to tell which of the two has used most bad language in his time. The Pope, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Carlyle are the three champion cursers of the age. The first, indeed, is forced to curse by the unfortunate exigencies of his official position. The other two have taken to this admirable business for sheer love of it. Mr. Carlyle's reviling of Bentham and Mr. Disraeli's reviling of Peel are models of pertinacious abuse which it would be difficult to surpass. It is not perhaps a very high office to abuse the chief benefactors of one's country, but, such as it is, either of the candidates is an inimitable performer in it. A match between the Phantasm Captain and the Messenger of the Immensities would be a treat indeed. The thunderous invective of the one and the sharp fiery darts of the other would together make an incomparable fray. Still it would hardly be a spectacle fit for the eyes of youth, to whom the greatest reverence is proverbially due. And it might lessen the authority of that dictum which Mr. Carlyle is never weary of repeating, that speech is of silver, but silence is golden. But though circumstances over which they have no control have thrown these two eminent men into a position of temporary antagonism, they have not a few characteristics in common. They are both transcendentalists, for instance. Mr. Carlyle believes in eternities and immensities. Mr. Disraeli has as firm a faith in something about the frosty Caucasus. Plain folk do not profess to understand with any precision what is to come either from the Immensities or the Caucasus. But in each case it is something which transcends the results of common sense and experience, and which sounds indescribably grand and filling to those who aspire after mysterious things. Then they both have a hearty contempt for professors. And this is obviously a most admirable and useful quality in the Rector of a University. Mr. Disraeli's profound saying that "philosophers destroy themselves" is only a parallel to the abuse which Mr. Carlyle is for ever showering on logic-chopping. Mr. Disraeli's complacent scorn of Epicurus and Hegel is only surpassed by Mr. Carlyle's complacent scorn of Bentham. Mr. Disraeli's denunciation of "the singular principle of criticism," and Mr. Carlyle's anger against all negative philosophers, come to exactly the same thing. Whoever is elected will no doubt feel it his duty to give expression to these views in the inaugural address. It will be a fine thing to hear "an independent and original thinker and a member of Parliament" telling an audience of students that philosophers destroy themselves, and that the principle of criticism is a very singular one. And it will scarcely be less fine to hear a Messenger from the Immensities warning boys against the curse of logic. Either will be just as delightful and becoming as the other in the University of Dugald Stewart and Brown and Hamilton. Mr. Disraeli has spoken somewhere of "provincial arrogance." Those who listen to his discouragements upon morals, metaphysics, and physical science will probably learn something of metropolitan arrogance. In the midst of all he may say, it will be well to remember that Mr. Disraeli himself has told us that "predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing." And it is encouraging to those who do not share Mr. Disraeli's orthodox views on theology and philosophy to recall this original thinker's excellent dictum that "the history of success is the history of minorities." So there is still hope for those who have not quite made up their minds to enrol themselves on the side of the angels, if Mr. Disraeli is to be their terrestrial chieftain and defender.

Mr. Carlyle, in a very striking passage in his last book, tells us that in the eighteenth century there only came on to this "rotten dunghheap of a world" two real figures. The one was Frederick, who *did*; the other was Voltaire, who *thought*. In the same way, the idols of modern youth are two—Mr. Disraeli who *does*, and Mr. Carlyle who *thinks*. The students will pardon us for overlooking for a moment their hero's supreme merits as "an independent and original thinker." This view is so novel that one does not at once realize it. In time, no doubt, it will become familiar. Meanwhile, we cannot help looking at Mr. Disraeli rather as the member of Parliament who works than in his less prominent capacity of the man who thinks. Mr. Carlyle preaches the great gospel of work, without laying too much stress upon the objects for

which alone it is worth while to work, or upon the scrupulosity by which the work should be guided and tempered. His rival, on the other hand, has worked. There is something alike in Mr. Disraeli's active career and in Mr. Carlyle's preaching which very young men find irresistibly attractive. The notion of being a great political leader, and delivering tremendously vituperative and stinging speeches, represents to a lad one of the most enviable of human positions. The exact justice of the vituperation does not so much matter. The Frederick or the Disraeli, the man who *does*, must not be too particular about trifles. The chief thing to be looked to is the firmness with which he gratifies his own will, and the steady perseverance with which he makes his own way. It is true that just now Mr. Disraeli's star is not in the ascendant. But then Frederick had his defects, and many a time his affairs seemed utterly desperate. Besides, if Mr. Disraeli should be made Rector of a Scotch University, his little political failures would be lost in the blaze of glory which this distinction would confer upon him. Anyhow, the brilliancy of his talking powers, and the melodramatic air with which he surrounds himself, are just the things with which lads cannot fail to be delighted. And so with the man who thinks for his century, it is not difficult to understand his popularity among boys at college. Mr. Carlyle's constant lesson, that the letter is unimportant, provided you have grasped the spirit, is very welcome to members of a college class. It requires great trouble to grasp the letter, but it requires none to persuade yourself that you have got the spirit. And it is a good deal easier to talk about sorrow-worship and the unspeakableness of the soul than to solve a stiff quadratic, or make out a crabbed chorus or a difficult bit of the *Ethics*. We certainly do not mean that this represents the sum and substance of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, but it represents one side of it, which lads are very quick to detect, because it is so congenial to the vagueness and vastness of their aspirations.

Politically, Mr. Carlyle is rather more essentially Tory than the Tory leader. He is always crying up a strong government and a good despot. He reserves his bitterest scorn for the National Palaver, as he pleasantly styles the British Parliament. He looks back with regret to the palmy days of the past, when there was no Political Economy, no Bentham, no Logic, to torment the world and throw everything into confusion and anarchy. The cardinal doctrine of modern policy, to leave people alone, arouses his bitterest wrath and scorn. All this is much worse Toryism than we find in the "author, orator, independent and original thinker," &c., who has declared that "the mind of England is with the rising race; it is with the People." But Toryism, we believe, is less repugnant to the feelings of the Scotch boys than Theism. It has been rumoured that Mr. Carlyle is a Theist. This, by the way, shows that the enemy is not nearly so alert as he should be. The proper course is to call a man a Theist and an Atheist. But worse than this, it is said that Mr. Carlyle does not "attend the ordinances." However, the Carlylites retort that Mr. Disraeli is "a Jew." It is rather hard upon public men that they should be thus exposed to the foolish impertinences of a parcel of raw lads, who would be much better employed in learning something than in conducting this absurd farce.

ST. BEES' AND ITS LITERATES.

THE recent exposure of St. Bees' Theological College by two persons who ought best to know its case brings to light many incidental tokens of the gradual debasement, socially and intellectually, of the average English clergyman. The facts disclosed will be regarded by Churchmen with regret tinged with indignation, by the "candid friends" of the Church with ironical pity, by her open enemies with triumphant satisfaction. If the case began and ended with St. Bees' College, there would be less room for any of these feelings; but that institution is only an index of a general state of things. The St. Bees' mark may be low, but it is because there has been a general growth downward that it is so low. So long as no mutual action exists between college and college, their levels will not be uniform, and some one must needs, we suppose, be the lowest. It may be St. Bees', or it may be some other. If there were such mutual action existing, the average would probably not greatly differ from what it at present is; the chief difference would be that the respective colleges would differ from it less widely. We say advisedly "would not greatly differ," because no doubt the fact of there being a college or colleges considerably below the average tends to induce men of corresponding qualifications to resort to it. Wherever the tail is, there those who slip off the crupper will be found clinging. We will not assert that St. Bees' is in that undignified position; but, whatever the "tail" in question may be, it will be beset by the men whom not only a properly high standard, but even the present low average if duly preserved, would keep out, and these men will tend to drag it down still further. We shall presently return to this question of the mutual action of the colleges, or of any possible superintendence of their standard by a central authority. So long as neither of these exists, it will be difficult to deny the statement of Dr. Ainger, that "practically the examining chaplains' minimum standard is forced upon the theological colleges." Here, again, we have to notice the fact of a departure from the average standard of episcopal examinations; but this, as the previous point, we reserve for subsequent notice.

It has been for some years a current remark, that the bishops' chaplains do not get men of University education in the same

proportion as they used to do, among the candidates *quatuor temporum*. There is an increase, as we are informed by Professor Plumptre, of King's College, London, both absolute and relative, in the number of "literate" candidates nearly every year. Four or five years since they constituted one-fifth of the whole number, and it seems probable that they will soon reach a third. To the same purport were some facts adduced in 1862 by the Bishop of Gloucester, then Dean of Exeter, at the Oxford Church Congress, from which it appeared that the number of those admitted into holy orders, being graduates from that single University, exceeded in the year 1861 the number of non-graduates by 18 only, whereas twenty years before it had exceeded it by 194. It is, we believe, about fifty years since St. Bees' was founded, and most, if not all, of the institutions which exist for a similar purpose have sprung up since. King's College, London, itself is from fifteen to twenty years its junior. If Queen's College, Birmingham, refers its title to the reigning sovereign, it is junior still; and at various subsequent dates may be placed—St. Aidan's, Birkenhead; the Diocesan Colleges of Lichfield and Salisbury; two at Wells and Chichester, which are, we believe, chiefly resorted to by graduates, although others are admitted; Cuddesden College, and one at Lampeter, in South Wales. A very recent one at St. John's Wood, London, closes the list, save for exclusively missionary training, for which purpose St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and the Church Missionary College at Islington, should be added.

The half-century which has elapsed since the opening of St. Bees' seems to have been fertile in these institutions, and if there are any which we have, through ignorance, omitted, the fact only gives greater strength to this part of the case, which is that the supply of rising deacons proceeds from the old Universities and from these new colleges in a ratio of inequality which constantly diminishes. Meanwhile, the lay population, and with it the demand for clergy, is continually increasing, and has doubled itself on the average, and therefore much more than doubled itself in the towns, during this same period. We understand the complaint, however, as stated by the best authorities, to be, that the Universities send, not only relatively but absolutely, fewer men, whilst the theological colleges send more. The remarkable religious movement which set in during the fourth decad of this century, and lasted into the fifth, seems to have been followed by such a reaction as was perhaps to be expected. But, apart from the natural balance preserved between the action of such forces, if we accept such a law, in any human society, there was, in the opinions which that movement brought forward, and to some extent popularized, that which tended to stir up more active ministerial zeal, and to attract minds of a higher order to answer the call. The opinions which have since gained currency on theological points seem to tend in the opposite direction. The number of questions which those opinions regard as open is far greater, and the questions themselves reach deeper, than was generally thought possible a quarter of a century since. The result on a large number of minds of above the average intellectual activity is perhaps scepticism, properly so called; i.e. the habit which simply suspends its judgment until matters in debate are further sifted, which declines pledging itself, and maintains rather a neutral than a hostile position. Such men wait to see whether theological obligations are not destined to undergo some relaxation under the pressure of these opinions; and they have an instinct, if not an avowed consciousness, that they might imprudently commit themselves if they gave in their assent now, whilst a heaven is working which they think may possibly, or even probably, have such a result. But such a heaven works slowly, if indeed it operates at all, on such a body as the Church of England; and whilst their judgment waits to form itself, the imperative calls of practical life will not wait. They choose some other profession, and are lost to the ministry of the Church. We are not urging that the questions which thus "give them pause" should be pressed to a division to accommodate their scruples, but merely pointing to facts as we think they are. Meanwhile, the ministry of the Church cannot wait either, and the bishops can only make the best of existing resources. They can but fill cures with such men as offer themselves, under such guarantees for their competency as circumstances admit.

Again, the result of all the various schools of thought which have influenced the religious world since the very beginning of this century has been gradually to raise the standard of ministerial zeal and personal efficiency. It can hardly be matter of surprise that, with a standard constantly rising, fewer in proportion, at any rate from the same class, should feel that they come up to it. Another class, marked on the average by greater ignorance alike of books and of men, and by less of embarrassing self-consciousness, comes forward to fill the gap. The Church, in the person of her chief officers, has no option but to take them—for the present at any rate—and make the best of them. But, besides this tendency to raise the personal standard which has of late been general amongst all religious schools of thought, the material standard too has been raised, chiefly by the Oxford movement of thirty years ago, in a way likely to deter the candidate who considers carefully himself, his work, his means, and his prospects. Churches which would have been tolerated at that period are now voted dingy barns. Church services of a more æsthetic character, schools on an improved scale, with teachers at a higher salary, besides all the larger miscellaneous parochial expenditure which a pastor's more thorough knowledge of his people promotes, have come to be regarded as necessary. And we know on whom the costs of the restoration or beautifying of a fabric, organ and choir expenses,

schools, teachers, and promiscuous outlay most largely fall. The average incumbent has to spend pounds on these things where the average layman will scarcely spend shillings, besides the worry of "conscience clauses," and of correspondence with architects, secretaries, and principals of training colleges. No wonder, then, that on the whole these influences have wrought repulsion in the minds of many who heretofore were attracted, whilst the attractions of the ministry are chiefly felt by those to whom it is a social lift to become a stipendiary curate of the Church of England.

But, taking candidates as she finds them, is the Church making the best of her existing resources? We hardly think that she is. The difference between the graduate and the literate will generally resolve itself into facts arising out of inferior pecuniary means or inferior social status. The average graduate has had better cultivation, and a more generous nurture, moral and intellectual, than the average literate; and he was, for most of the purposes of life—social, administrative, and the like—somewhat superior in the grain at starting. It seems invidious to dwell on these things, but if the history of a sufficiently wide array of cases taken from either class could be examined, we feel no doubt that it would lead substantially to this conclusion. The graduate has generally had a better start, and more opportunities of improving himself since; and facts which are inevitable should not be regarded as offensive. Having, then, these two classes, available in different degrees for furnishing recruits to the clerical body, we are led to reflect that there are among the parochial clergy two orders; we do not mean the well-known distinction of incumbent and curate, but the obscure and often forgotten one of priest and deacon. The latter of these has lost its distinctiveness, and become a mere stepping-stone to the former. By the confusion of these subordination is lost, and the strength which it might impart to the whole body is forfeited. We know practically nothing, in the broad sense, of the efficacy of the diaconate. Its powers to supplement the higher order are practically untried, and it is probable that a vast deal of working power thus runs to waste. The young deacon is still told that he is expected to reappear, ready to receive the priesthood, in a single twelvemonth; when, if he was scantily qualified at first, a year's work, such as is now mostly expected of him in the parish which he serves, has probably placed him in a still less prepared state for the higher office. Why, with such a weight of authority to recommend it, no bishop has yet given a fair trial to the experiment of ordaining deacons with less reserve, and with a prospect of possible permanency, and priests with more reserve, and on the principle of selection according to superior competency, has long puzzled us. We see everywhere, on the whole, the same system among bishops of every shade of theological opinion. All seem to agree to regard the diaconate as a superfluity, an inconvenient relic of antiquity, not fitting easily into the Church polity of the nineteenth century, and therefore to be made as little of as possible. We shall be overjoyed to learn that this remark is too sweeping, and that the experiment which we suggest, of a substantial diaconate—not one which is to be merely a saucer for the cup of the priesthood to be superimposed on it—has really been made in any diocese. Till we recognise the fact, fully and practically, that deacons are even more distinct from priests than these from bishops, and that we have two orders of parish ministers where we insist on finding only one, we have no right to complain of the inconvenience arising from having two classes of candidates for the ministry who resist fusion. They doubtless differ widely, on the average, in their powers of acceptably and usefully filling that artificial order which we have compounded out of the two genuine orders. We have put both legs into one boot, and complain that we find our activity impeded.

We will conclude with a few words as regards the unsatisfactory state of things revealed by the correspondence of Archdeacon Allen and Dr. Ainger. The former adduces proof of the disgracefully low standard of theological attainment which has met his eye among literates from St. Bees', whether just above or just below the line which separates the passed from the rejected candidates. Dr. Ainger, the principal of that seminary, replies, resting his defence mainly on two points—first, that if St. Bees' refuses such men, some other theological college will receive them; and secondly, that the standard to which the St. Bees' theology would naturally aspire is really kept down by the Archdeacon himself, whose examinations are so lax as to let men into orders whom the principal would wish to keep out. This effectually reveals a want of concerted action between the different theological colleges, and a still greater and more calamitous absence of a common understanding among bishops and their examining chaplains. We are disappointed at this disclosure, because, as regards the first point, we were not long ago taught by a high authority to expect a very different state of things. The paper read before the Oxford Church Congress in 1862 by the then Dean of Exeter, to which we have already referred, contained the following passage:—

At a very important meeting of the representatives of all the theological colleges in this country held at King's College, London, about a fortnight since, it was unanimously agreed to form an association, and, without any changes in individual organizations, to maintain a close and co-operative union. There is thus at this moment in the Church of England the germ of a future theological university. Theological colleges, instead of being mere isolated institutions, are now members of a confraternity, and of a confraternity that year by year will gain in public opinion and in public confidence. The importance of this movement will in all probability be found to be very great; the results many and momentous. We may pause to specify three. First, an increasing tendency to uniformity in theological teaching throughout the kingdom; for though, as I have already implied, the very basis of this union of our theological colleges is individual inde-

pendence as to times, manner, and subjects of teaching, yet it cannot be doubted that conferences, which it is hoped and believed will take place two or three times every year, will lead to a gradual assimilation in system. The second result will be a silent influence over the examination of candidates for holy orders. The last result will be the gradual emergence of some central body, which perhaps ultimately will be empowered to grant a degree in theology, after a certain number of years have been spent in holy orders, and a solid examination has been successfully passed on subjects previously agreed upon.

We believe that this hopeful project has fallen through; that there is no such exchange of ideas among theological colleges, no such central body to attempt to control their eccentricities, and therefore no such uniformity as we were led to hope for in their standard. If there were, Dr. Ainger's defence, that some other college would accept the refusal of St. Bees', would be illusory and impertinent; and further, if there were, we think we should surely have heard of it from Professor Plumptre, in whose path such a statement, if it could be made, would seem to lie, in his letter published in the *Times* of October 17. Thus the standard necessarily varies as between college and college, and a "tail" is developed "where no tail should be." But the state of the case is even worse when we take Professor Plumptre's evidence as regards the examinations held by the episcopal authorities themselves. If the standard oscillates among the colleges, it seesaws violently, it seems, here. He says:—

Of all examinations in England connected with the commencement of a profession, these are notoriously the most fluctuating and uncertain. Examining chaplains act without concert, and start from no common stock of experience. Their judgment as to the intellectual deficiencies of a candidate is often counterbalanced by their feeling as to his piety, and the pressing wants of the incumbent of an unattractive district.

We cannot say that, assuming this to be approximately true, there is any adequate excuse for it. We believe Mr. Plumptre has been an examining chaplain to test candidates, as he is now an instructor to prepare them. His evidence is thus probably as good as any one man's could be. The possibility of some simple plan by which a preliminary examination, common to every diocese, might be ensured to all candidates—thus laying down a standard below which no bishop could sink, leaving each to rise as far above it as he thought fit—is so manifest that not to adopt it is a highly unbecoming laxity. The "preliminary" examination on which the Universities insist for their "local" examinees at the different centres is the breakwater of the whole system which they there adopt. Let the bishops, who not uncommonly are called upon at such local centres to give away the prizes and glorify the occasion and patronize the successful candidates, take a hint from the system which they praise. If uniformity of standard is so good and so practicable for the title of A.A., it cannot be so very bad or so very difficult for the order of deacons. Thus we might for the future be spared the unseemly spectacle of a theological college—the oldest, we believe, of its class—being held up to scorn by a venerable archdeacon as the tail of all such seminaries, and of a venerable archdeacon being exposed in turn by the principal as the tail of all examiners.

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse.

It is painful to have two grave and reverend divines flinging dirt at each other in the columns of the *Times*. There we will leave the question, for that of *potuisse refelli* would lead us among pitfalls which we are anxious to escape.

GAME-PRESERVING.

THERE have been lately some attempts to get up an agitation among tenant-farmers against game-preserving, and the leaders of the movement have naturally looked for assistance to Mr. Bright, who has shown himself on every possible occasion the determined enemy of landlords. In the year 1845 Mr. Bright procured the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons upon the Game Laws, and in that and the following year he presided as chairman over its deliberations. The draft Report which he presented to the Committee was rejected. This draft was prepared with great ability and industry, and perhaps we may assume that the case against game-preserving could not be more strongly stated. The "Anti-Battue Society," which has lately published Mr. Bright's draft Report in a cheap form, could scarcely devise a more powerful instrument with which to carry on the war which it has commenced.

Mr. Bright lately advised tenant-farmers, in answer to an appeal made to him to assist this movement, to exert themselves to obtain Parliamentary power which might be used to redress their grievances. He has declared in a published letter that the hares, rabbits, and game of every kind living upon the farm should belong to the farmer, and that "until this is the settled law, and also the practice of the country, the tenant-farmers will never hold the position to which they have a just claim." Either law or practice would suffice to produce the result which Mr. Bright desires; and while the former depends on Parliament, the latter might be created by agreement between landlords and tenants. When the farmers have obtained the disposal of the county representation, they will probably have become so rich and independent as to be able to make what terms they please with the squires whose estates they cultivate. But for the present there is so much competition for farms that farmers are glad to be allowed to occupy them on terms which are not always agreeable or advantageous. It is as easy to tell them that they ought not to submit to oppression as to teach the same lesson to cotton-hands

or puddlers. Both in town and country the professional agitator may propound the question—

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?

And in town and country alike he may expect to receive answers which will provoke him to exclaim—

Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!

Owners of property, whether in manufacturing or agricultural districts, are apt to insist upon their right to do what they please with their own, and, with due reservation against extravagant abuse, this right will be conceded to them.

It must be owned that the evidence collected by Mr. Bright in his draft Report produces, on first reading, a considerable effect upon the mind. He makes it appear that game-preserving is a wasteful practice. It is calculated that three or four hares consume as much food as one sheep, and, by ranging all over the fields, cropping a bit here and a bit there, hares spoil much more than they eat. There can be no question that the theoretical perfection of farming requires that every head of game should be killed down, just as it requires that hedges should be grubbed up, banks levelled, underwood cleared, and the picturesque in every way subordinated to the practical. A country cultivated in this complete manner is a very nice country to get an income out of, but not at all a nice country to live in. We can most of us call to mind some pleasures which we should lose if farming were carried to the ideal summit of perfection. In the first place, field paths would, wherever possible, be stopped, and trees which could not justify their existence by a distinct promise of yielding in the future so many cubic feet of timber would be felled. If you go into a gallery of landscape pictures, there is not one of them which does not owe its beauty to some offence against the rules of scientific cultivation. All those delightful nooks and corners where trees, bushes, and flowers mingle at their own sweet will ought to be thoroughly explored and ventilated, and there should not be a hollow, dingle, or dell unsearched by the ruthless ploughshare in all the land. Ruined castles and abbeys would of course be cleared away, and the stones of their walls would be sold for building cottages or to mend roads, unless, indeed, a sufficient number of visitors were ready to pay sixpence per head for looking at them. The moping owl would have to complain of many things, and particularly that there was no ivy-mantled tower left for him to sit in and utter his laments. It is possible, if you go about your work thoroughly, to render a farm as unlovely to the eye as a cotton-mill, or a street bordered by houses occupied by cotton-hands. A good deal of money has been made, in ways understood by Mr. Bright, at the expense of the pollution of brooks and rivers, and no doubt there would be pecuniary encouragement to proceed in obliterating from the face of nature all other pleasant features. The poet who "passed by the town and out of the street" would gain nothing by walking towards the country, except the necessity of carrying his umbrella, and he would find no spot eligible in which to chant his melody unless he took an excursion-ticket by railway towards the Welsh mountains, or some other place so sterile and inaccessible as to offer no encouragement to farming upon improved and economic principles. As Mr. Bright tells us, "wild animals recede from a growing population, and a more extended and more perfect cultivation of the soil;" and with the wild animals, it is to be feared, depart whatever it was that made that soil a congenial abode for people of taste and fancy. If there is to be no game upon the land, there can be no occasion for woods and thickets. The preservation of game involves the destruction of a portion of the produce of the soil, and if this be condemned as waste, it follows that the devotion of the soil to unproductive purposes ought to be condemned also. Why does My Lord neglect his duty as a good citizen by keeping the home park unploughed? and why does My Lady disregard the maxims of frugal housewifery by refusing to plant cabbages and turnips in her flower-garden? If once we begin cutting off the luxuries and indulgences of life, there is no saying where we ought to stop. There are many portions of the apparatus of personal enjoyment or ostentation to which might be applied the words, "This might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." It would be difficult, if we condemn game-preserving, to offer any satisfactory defence of the banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, at which, we may remark by the way, a good deal of game was put upon the tables. It is quite true that game is bred to a great extent artificially, so that it can hardly be called wild; and it is sometimes slaughtered in what is termed a battue, in a manner that resembles a butchery rather than a field sport. It is said that the game thus slaughtered is sent regularly from the covers of noble and right honourable game-preservers to London dealers, who are ready to buy, at a fixed price, any quantity that may be offered to them, and thus some hundreds a year are raised towards defraying the expense of breeding and watching game. It may be alleged that neither the sport nor the disposal of the proceeds tends to uphold aristocratic dignity, but, speaking generally, it is the right of noblemen and country gentlemen, as well as of mill-owners, to make such use of their own property as suits their own pleasure. We can easily believe that, if game were not strictly preserved on an estate, it would produce larger quantities of meat and bread, and thus a larger return in money would be derived by the landlord from it. But it is equally credible that when this return, whatever it is, gets into the landlord's pocket, he does not always dispose of it in the most advantageous manner. You may say, if

you please, that a certain landlord wastes part of his fortune in preserving game, but another squanders perhaps the whole of his by gambling upon the Turf. Why should you claim to interfere with one variety of extravagance more than with another? It may be remarked, in justification of the alleged excess in game-preserving, that the supply does not appear to be disproportionate to the demand. Most people are glad to receive presents of game from their country friends, and there are few who do not occasionally send to the dealers' shops and buy the means of gratifying what is almost a universal taste. The wealth of England has increased in the last twenty years enormously; and, if good living be a legitimate application of a portion of that wealth, it follows that hares and pheasants may properly be reared to supply rich men's tables. It is certainly true that the same quantity of the earth's produce might be more profitably employed in rearing sheep, and this admission may be thought to have peculiar importance at a time when housekeepers are disagreeably made aware that mutton is not so cheap as could be wished. But it might be contended, in the same way, that all the millowners in England ought to confine themselves to the manufacture of necessary clothing, and that ornamental fabrics should not be commenced until it was ascertained that the entire population was protected against cold and wet. If once we begin this line of argument, the reproof that

Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
might find extensive and disagreeable application.

The strength of Mr. Bright's case is, however, that the landlord preserves game and the tenant pays the cost of it. Granted, he would say, that a landlord may do what he likes with his own, but here he is disposing of that which is not his own. But it appears, from the particulars of valuations quoted by Mr. Bright, that the principle of compensation for injury to crops by game is admitted; and although Mr. Bright alleges that the valuations are inadequate, we should like upon this point to hear the other side before deciding. No doubt there are exacting landlords as well as grumbling tenants in almost every county. But if the principle of interfering with private contracts were admitted, it might be carried further perhaps than would be satisfactory to Mr. Bright. Tenants submit to depredations of game to some extent because they have themselves a sympathy with sport, and to a greater extent because they cannot help it, seeing that, if they gave up their farms, other tenants would be ready to occupy them on the same terms. The fox is an animal whose existence cannot be justified upon any economic principle, and yet the tenant-farmer will submit to nocturnal visitations of his poultry-yard, because he is himself fond of hunting, or because he breeds horses to sell to those who are. And, again, we should like to know what the tenant-farmers in coursing countries would say to a proposal for the extirpation of hares. No doubt shooting is a more exclusive, and therefore a less popular, amusement than coursing or fox-hunting; but a great deal depends upon the manner and spirit in which it is carried on. Some sportsmen who like to walk far and to work hard consider that there might be as much sport in England if there were less game. Other sportsmen are not satisfied unless they see a good head of game upon their land. If the battue system deserves the ridicule which is frequently thrown upon it, the Anti-Battue Society are likely in course of time to be successful in the contest in which they have engaged. Mr. Bright is warranted in relying greatly on the authority of the late Mr. Pusey, who gave up game-preserving, after some years' experience, from conviction of its injurious consequences to his tenants. But even Mr. Pusey admitted that in Norfolk, where the shooting is good, the farming is good also. The pleasures of field-sports induce English landowners for the most part to reside upon their estates, and that is a result of which the social value can hardly be over-estimated. We should not wish to see an age in which every estate in England was farmed in the highest possible style, and the landlords' improved rents were spent at German baths or on the shores of Italian lakes.

ST. REMIGIUS.

TO pretend to be better than one's neighbours is a fault which may possibly be pardoned in the next world, but which will certainly never obtain forgiveness in this. The absolute heinousness of the offence depends very little upon the truth or falsehood of the profession that is made, and, as it was long ago said, virtues can take no better method of getting themselves thoroughly disliked than by showing themselves in all their naked virtuousness. The candle somehow does give a pleasanter light if it is put under some delicate, some very transparent, bushel. A whole world of meaning lies hid in the fact that it is a slightly discreditable and unpopular thing to be very good, and the explanation is by no means to be sought in the theory that men love wickedness. But, without examining the phenomenon too closely, it is enough for the present to remark that no people are generally more unpleasant than those whose virtue and piety are on all occasions prominent. To be full of good sayings, to preach in all societies, to point every topic with a moral, to have our eye always upon the immortal soul or the peccant nature of the listener—all this is, by universal consent, intolerable. Now, among persons who would be likely to offend their fellow-creatures in this way, perhaps it would not be uncharitable to reckon the various and zealous correspondents of our excellent contempo-

rary, the *Record*. During the summer holidays, while other journals have had their staff describing the terrors of the Gemmi or the wonders of Folkestone, the *Record* has had its letters from abroad. From time to time its columns have been filled with scenes of foreign travel, contributed by a gentleman whose signature is a *nom de plume* long borne by a very energetic philanthropist of Ragged-school and Shoeblack-brigade reputation. Mr. Macgregor—we trust we may be excused if we ignore the disguise which there is no attempt to keep up—has travelled in a missionary spirit. He has been some months abroad, and has carried everywhere the topics which are uppermost in his thoughts. He has distributed tracts by the dozen, and scattered good advice broadcast over Europe. We do not know how many people he has converted, but he lets everybody know how many he has tried to convert. He represents, thus far, the tourist of the most terrible and portentous species—the tourist Evangelo-tractual.

If this were all, the phenomenon would be scarcely worth discussing. But it is very far from being so; and what remains is a fact which shows how many more strange characters there are in the world than a rough-and-ready philosophy might suppose. This distributor of tracts, this preacher of discourses, this awakener of souls, is neither more nor less than a first-rate oarsman. The whole of his journey over Europe, a journey of a thousand miles or more, was performed in an open boat drawing but a few inches of water. It is a curious freak, no doubt, for the correspondent of a religious paper to have taken to. "Que diable allait-il faire," the religious world must have said to itself in astonishment, "dans cette galère?" The soul of their Protestant Defences, the champion of all their best movements, had taken to the water like a duckling brought up among the hens, and was splashing about over the Continent in a manner which, for gaiety and freedom, left the votaries of worldly pleasure an infinite distance behind. Curious as it may seem, there lies the journal in black and white, and the writer is as much at home in a boat as Lord Shaftesbury is on a platform. Full as he is of the souls of men, he is keenly alive to his day's enjoyment, and it comes as easy to him to mend a plank as it does to probe a conscience. Down the rapids of the Danube, over the lakes of Switzerland, along the canals of France, the Rhine, the Moselle, the Seine, he floats and steers and preaches. He finds books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and a text in everything. From the canoe to religion, and from religion to the canoe, he flashes backwards and forwards with a genial relish which is so thorough that it can hardly be affected. At one moment the reader is lost in admiration of the devotee, and at the next he sees before him one who is every inch a waterman. The whole thing is absolutely and purely natural; there is no straining for effect, no extraordinary unction in the language. The writer is a man who carries about with him, as part of the ordinary equipment of his mind, a redundancy and exuberance of feeling on religious subjects which it is as much a matter of course with him to distribute to those who come in his way as it is to work the paddle of his boat. It may seem unintelligible to some people that it should be so; nor is it everybody who would like to sit for a month with his legs cramped in front of him, and the water trickling down his sleeves from the paddle-blades. But, whether intelligible or not, this is the phenomenon that is presented; and the supposition that the writer must be a foolish or ridiculous person is precluded by the obvious fact, which lies upon the surface of the letters, that he is neither foolish nor ridiculous, but is an intelligent and extremely cheerful traveller.

The last letter of the series is a typical one. It begins with the story of the journey down the Marne. There are the washerwomen, picturesque, "with whom I always fraternize"; village scenes, fishermen, wild ducks, bathing-barge. At Nogent there is a difficult weir, with stakes and chains; "vanity prompted me to try it," and the result is that "they heard me whistling with placidity as I quietly stepped out of the boat with all my clothes on, and, lifting her over, got in again with all the air of its being the usual procedure." "To say the truth," the narration proceeds, "I stopped, after passing round the next corner, to change my wet things, and to feel degraded, having yielded thus to a foolish pride." In the evening comes dinner, with all the gossip of the little town, and a reflection that, after all, most of our conversation is only of the same kind—"it passes time, but edifieth not." Next day there is some hard work to be done; but, after a little distance, it appears that a cartage across a bend of the river will save above twenty miles. "Rob Roy" determines on the short cut; and "the old man with his cart was an interesting one to talk to." "If any thought can be a solemn one, and one of common interest to us all, surely it must be" that upon which "Rob Roy" entered. There is a ferry, with a fine old soldier, with whom there is "a conversation on the same subject." After a few reflections which are not of a nature for literary analysing, "the breeze freshened till I hoisted my sails," and so on to Meaux. At Meaux we get some marriage festivities, at which the hero of the canoe creates a sensation by bits of magnesium wire; and a cathedral service, not described without severe remarks on Popery and speculative considerations about heaven. A shepherd follows who is deplorably uninterested about religion, and a canal choked with weeds which it takes miles of wading and pushing to get through. Then some *gamins*, and the last few miles into Paris, and a dash through the bridge by Notre Dame. Here is Meurice's, with the homeward tide of Britons, and here ends the diary of "the captain, the purser, the ship's cook, and the cabin-boy of the canoe Rob Roy."

It is hard to say exactly what it is that is so bewildering in the mixture we have attempted to describe. Is it really a half-humorous thing that a traveller should go over Europe with a paddle in one hand and a bundle of tracts in the other? or is it merely that we look at the enterprise from a wrong point of view? The real truth is, that it is seldom that one is brought face to face with a mind of such strange simplicity. The nearest approach to it is in reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If John Bunyan were alive now, he would beyond question be rowing down the Rhine like Mr. Macgregor, and saving souls almost, so to speak, at every stroke. There is nothing incongruous to such a character in a boyish eagerness after the water, and an apostolic zeal for the world to come. This is quite a different thing from the religion of the ordinary Muscular school. The regulation hero of the University boat, whose only creed it is that a man ought to trust in Providence and pull it well through at the end, is a character to which we are quite accustomed by this time; but it is worth remarking that half the charm of this well-known picture lies in the gentle irony of the colouring, and the suggestive vagueness of creed which almost seems to imply that the type is not generally found in quite the same working order as it is drawn in for purposes of art. "Rob Roy" and "Tom Brown" are both very fine fellows, but there is very little in common in their characters. The correspondent of the *Record* is not likely to have his views of theological topics marred by any vicious incompleteness of outline. Still less, however, is he akin to the heroes of the religious memoirs so common upon all our drawing-room tables. Courage is a cheap virtue for a biographer to introduce, and it is quite as much a part of human nature to wish to be thought broad in the chest as it is to wish to be thought zealous in good works. There are pretenders to every walk of greatness:—

Il est de faux dévots, ainsi que de faux braves.

But if a man's pluck is obviously not at fault, there is a fair presumption in favour of the genuineness of his devotion. One might describe Tartuffe to the life, and not include a single trait which can be reasonably ascribed to "Rob Roy." It is such a character as one does not often meet, and such as is well worth examining when one does meet it. Here we have a man who can steer a canoe with a paddle over a dangerous rapid in the Danube, and then give to a farmer's child "that remarkable tract which contains Napoleon's testimony to the proofs of Scripture inspiration being sufficient for him at the least." Strange, then, as the spectacle is—strange in the midst of the educated, busy, reticent, critical society of our time—it is one that must not be laughed at; or, at all events, must be smiled at good-humouredly. Is it worth thinking how the matter appears from the other side? If we look with puzzled curiosity at "Rob Roy," with what wonder must he return the look! What a marvel it must appear to him that it should be possible to treat such things as his discourse with the ferryman from an airy elevation, as it were, or at best with a quiet indifference. If we were to say that his efforts were excellent and well-meant, he would think that he was being sneered at. If we hinted that such is not the way in which the world seems to us most likely to be reformed, he would defy us to suggest a better. He is trying to save people's souls, and what can be more worth doing? How is it possible to explain that two views can really be taken upon such a matter? How describe the many ideas which thrust themselves in between the mere wishing the same wishes as "Rob Roy" does, and talking as he does with the ferryman? What views of thought on human destiny and progress would have to be described, which in one mind may chance to hold absolute dominion, while in another they are put aside as mere curiosities of speculation! How far off and subdued and refracted some lights would have to be drawn as appearing to one eye, which to another present but a grand overpowering blaze! We venture to hope that we care for the welfare of our fellow-creatures in no less degree than "Rob Roy." Is it a different conception of human frailty which separates us from him, or a different measure of moral force, or a more complex theory of the influences by which life is shaped? The attempt is hopeless. That "much-decried theologian," Gallio, may possibly have had something to say for himself if posterity could but have a chance of hearing him. As it is, there is nothing for it but to confess that people can understand very little of one another. No one probably is ever so wholly in the right that his opponent is wholly in the wrong. We will try not to make quite sure that "Rob Roy" is wasting his tracts about Napoleon. Let him try to modify, if by ever so little, his views about the partisans of this present evil world.

ANOTHER ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE resolution with which Englishmen stick to an enterprise which they have once taken up has perhaps had more to do with our commercial and engineering triumphs than even the wealth and skill which are always available for any undertaking of real value and importance. No disappointment or temporary failure will check men who really understand what the task is that they have undertaken, and fairly count the cost before they begin. And in the long run this English pertinacity almost always wins, as it deserves to win. It is in this spirit that the Atlantic Telegraph Company are once more preparing to face the risks of the ocean, in the hope, not only of laying a new cable, but of recovering and completing that which now lies at the bottom of the sea. Already the contractors are at work manufacturing the new wire, which is to be paid out next May; and

though no one affects to ignore the possibility of another mishap, the Company have never for a moment exhibited a disposition to flinch from their work until they shall have commanded success. It may be fairly asked whether this is blind recklessness or far-seeing courage, and the materials for an answer are not difficult to find. Thinking probably that it was wise to put a bold face upon the matter, and tell the worst of their position as well as the best of their hopes, the Company have published all the practical information they possess both as to the engineering and commercial prospects of their enterprise. Any one who pleases may know now what it costs to lay a cable or to lose a cable, and how many unsuccessful ventures would be compensated by one fortunate voyage. The old original cable was comparatively a cheap one, but when it finally gave up speaking, it had cost between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.* It was a loss of the worst possible kind, for almost the whole length was left beneath the Atlantic, without the possibility of recovery. It was not only electrically imperfect from the first, but it was so weak as to render any attempt at grappling it in deep water quite hopeless. It would have been of little value (at any rate for Atlantic purposes) even if it could have been fished up, and there was nothing better to be done than to leave it where it lay, and let the first loss upon it be the last. The whole undertaking had been arranged in such haste, and the cable was manufactured and laid with so much hurry, as to preclude the use of the precautions which had even then been suggested, and many of which have since been reduced to practice. There was not much in that failure to regret, except the waste of money, and the excessive discouragement which it produced. But the second attempt was made after the most anxious care had been taken to avoid the dangers which were fatal on the first occasion, and that too resulted in disaster, and swallowed up, for a time at any rate, another half-million of the Company's capital. Told thus far, the story might well justify despair of ultimate success; but the more closely the real facts are examined, and the causes of failure ascertained, the more easy does it become to understand the grounds of the confidence which seems never to have been shaken in the minds of those engaged in the enterprise. Even the pecuniary loss is not so formidable as it looks at first sight, for, out of the capital sunk in this venture, about one-half is still represented by unused cable. Should the old cable be recovered and finished, the only loss would be that of the year's income which might otherwise have been earned; and even if this attempt should fail, the net cost of the experiment of last year to the Atlantic Company will not be more than the estimated amount of another half-year's income. If the Company can only see their way to success at last, there is nothing fatal in such sacrifices as have already been made. But what right have they to anticipate success after being twice baffled so completely as they have been? This is the question that every inquirer naturally puts, and that the Company have endeavoured to answer in the statements which they have recently issued.

The broad ground of their confidence is intelligible enough. They have succeeded in avoiding all the errors which led to the first disaster, and their second failure was due to causes which may, now that they are known, be shut out with equal ease. The original cable was defective from the first, and lost all insulation after a few weeks of imperfect action. The second cable—or, more correctly speaking, about two-thirds of the whole quantity required—has been lying for some months at the bottom of the ocean. Its insulation was immensely improved (as had been predicted) by submergence, and up to the present time it is proved by careful electrical tests to be in perfect order from end to end. It is therefore not impossible to make what may be called a perfect cable, and not unreasonable to hope that it may remain in working order for a much longer period than had previously been reckoned on. If this expectation should be realized, the only really formidable danger will have been surmounted. The snapping of a cable in paying out is a catastrophe much more sensational than the wasting away of one that has been safely submerged, but it is not nearly so serious a mishap. With the appliances which can be commanded in a ship like the *Great Eastern*, it is scarcely too much to say that a fracture in paying out or hauling in ought not to occur. The breakdown of last summer was wholly due to faulty machinery. All the care of the Company had been lavished on the side of the greatest danger, the manufacture of the cable; and the comparatively easy task of paying it out from the *Great Eastern* failed because no one had bestowed any adequate attention upon the hauling-in machinery, which it was hoped would never be required. Everything connected with this part of the arrangements was as defective as it could well be. The cable had first to be shifted from one end of the vessel to the other before an attempt could be made to haul it in. The engine provided for this special purpose utterly broke down. The apparatus itself was without elasticity to take off the shock of a sudden strain. All these errors bore their natural fruit, and the cable was lost, not because there was any insuperable difficulty in saving it, but because the one risk which proved fatal had been despised, and no proper precautions had been taken against it. The short history of the two cables is merely this. The first was lost because the art of manufacturing a perfect cable, and insuring its insulation up to the moment of submergence, had not then been learned. The second cable was lost because the commonest precautions against an unexpected risk had been neglected. It is certain that the first of these dangers (although

still the only one that need cause serious apprehension) has been enormously diminished by the improvements introduced in the construction and testing of the second cable. The other danger ought never to have arisen at all, and can scarcely occur again, after the warning of last year. This, indeed, seems to be acknowledged by the Company themselves. They now say, and we believe with perfect truth, that with proper care they can lay a cable from the *Great Eastern* in any weather; that if it should become necessary to haul in a fault, that also can be done without risk of fracture by a better arrangement of the machinery for the purpose. In fact, during the whole process of paying out, the strain is said never to have exceeded one-tenth of the breaking strain. No doubt it would, even with satisfactory apparatus, be greater than this during the process of hauling in, but the margin of strength is so considerable as to leave no cause for apprehension if the mistakes of last year, which sprang from over-confidence, are only avoided, as they probably will be, in the next attempt.

These are the main reasons which justify those who hope for success in spite of the ill-fortune which has attended former ventures, and they are reasons which would not the less apply to the laying of a new cable even if the misfortune of last year were wholly beyond remedy. The subject has been so much discussed since the occurrence that it is much easier than it was at the time to estimate the chances of picking up the lost end of the cable. From the readiness with which the wire was found in three out of four trials, it is scarcely too much to assume that, with the careful observations of latitude and longitude which were taken at the time, it will be no difficult matter to grapple the cable once more, even after the interval of a year. It seems probable, from past experience, that no deposit will have accumulated in that time sufficient to interfere with the process of picking up, and the sole question is whether cable and tackle will be strong enough to bear the necessary strain. That the cable, if caught at a distance from its extremity, must break before reaching the surface, is likely enough; but it ought not to be difficult so to lift it as to ensure that the first fracture shall be somewhat to seaward of the point held by the grapnel. The cable would then be hauled in from a free end with as much ease as in the ordinary process of recovering a fault. The Company do not venture to speak with absolute confidence of this part of their projected operations, although both they and their scientific advisers express their entire belief in the possibility of recovering and completing their half-laid line.

A curious result is indicated in their statements as certain to follow from complete success in their next attempt. The old cable, when completed, is to cost the Atlantic Company nothing more than it would have done if the submergence had been successfully effected last year—all the additional expense on this score falling upon the contractors. At the same time, the present position of affairs has enabled the Company to contract for their new cable on terms less onerous than would have been demanded if the former venture had been an immediate success. The consequence will be, that the success of next year's attempt would give the Company two working cables for less money than they must have paid if everything had gone on as smoothly as they could have desired. These considerations, coupled with the enormous revenues which long telegraphic lines can earn, go far to explain the inducements which have led the Atlantic Company to persevere in their hazardous, though by no means desperate, enterprise. There is enough in the explanations which they put forward to acquit them of the charge of rashness, though nothing to detract from the credit which belongs to their tenacity of purpose and their courage in carrying on to the end an enterprise which, however magnificent its prospects, in the event of success, involves a commensurate risk in the possible recurrence of former misfortunes. All that is certain is, that each successive attempt eliminates one risk after another, and improves the prospects of the next. Whether the catalogue of possible dangers is even yet exhausted cannot be absolutely affirmed, but all the experience and ingenuity which have been brought to bear upon the subject have failed to suggest any probable disaster for which some appropriate means of prevention have not been devised. Whatever may be the issue, success was never more honestly deserved than by the prudent boldness of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

REVIEWS.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.*

IN his postscript, Mr. Dickens tells those of the public who had in some way complained of what they took for a certain fault in his story, that "an artist, of whatever denomination, may perhaps be trusted to know what he is about in his vocation." In itself this is surely very doubtful doctrine. If it were otherwise than doubtful, first, what is the function of criticism, or is there no such thing? and next, if every artist knows what he is about better than anybody or everybody else, who shall say that this or that is bad art, or is any bad art possible? A writer who has given more delight to his generation than any other living man may, perhaps reasonably, think himself at liberty to snub his audience by a preposterous paradox. But this is only by the way.

We at least shall not presume to question that an author ought to know his own trade best, if Mr. Dickens thinks a hint to this effect useful "in the interests of art." It cannot, however, be hostile to these interests to consider the denomination of art which the most popular author of his day professes or practises. From this point of view, it is a circumstance peculiarly worthy of remark that, in nearly all his novels, there is some leading incident which to the plain man seems extravagant, or amazingly exceptional, or quite impossible, and yet which Mr. Dickens is ready to vindicate, with somewhat of a swagger, in his preface or his postscript, as quite ordinary, and warranted by abundant facts and evidence. Spontaneous combustion, or an incredible Chancery suit, or a school in Yorkshire of the nature of a horribly metamorphosed chateau in Spain, or a wild kind of Will Case, or something equally out of the common range of observation, seems absolutely indispensable to Mr. Dickens's mental comfort. He cannot feel that his story is sufficiently realistic, or properly based on fact, unless it rests on something which scarcely comes within the experience or the notice of one person out of a hundred thousand. There is no harm in this. That is a starved conception of art which would limit the name to the reproduction of what lies within the experience or observation of each and all of us. In the kingdom of art there are many mansions, and the representation of commonplace is certainly not exclusively entitled to the whole of them. There is such a gift as the artistic delineation of what is in itself grotesque and improbable, or even downright impossible. Painting and music and poetry perhaps supply more abundant and undoubted instances of the gift than fiction, but there is nothing in the nature of fiction which absolutely unfits it to be the medium of this kind of treatment. It is not the improbability of a leading incident which takes such a book as *Our Mutual Friend* out of the region of what is usually considered art. That a man should pretend to be dead, and refrain from claiming a large fortune, for no reason in particular except that he does not wish "sordidly to buy a beautiful creature whom he loves," is improbable and extraordinary enough. But this is only the key to what has always been Mr. Dickens's principle of composition, and it is more conspicuous in his last novel than in any which went before, just because the colouring is so much weaker, and the tone so much less pleasing, that one has more attention left for the fashion in which the artist likes to select and group his figures.

After securing a central incident sufficiently extraordinary, the author crowds into his pages a parcel of puppets as uncommon as the business which they are made to transact. Nobody is admitted to the distinction of a place in *Our Mutual Friend* who is at all like the beings who have a place in the universe. The characters may be divided into two sets of people—those whom the author intended to be faithful copies of ordinary persons or classes of persons, and those whom even the author must in his inner consciousness know to be immeasurably remote from the common experience of human life. But, in one set of people as much as in the other, the writer seems to notice nothing which is not odd and surprising and absurd. The people whom he does, equally with those whom he does not, intend to be curious and abnormal, are caricatured in the most reckless way. Mr. Venus, who is meant for an oddity, is in reality not a bit more odd, and does not act or talk more inconsistently with the common modes of men, than does Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, who is not meant for an oddity at all. Silas Wegg, the sort of man whom Mr. Dickens does not expect us to be familiar with, and Lady Tippings, the sort of woman with whom he does expect us to be familiar, are strange and unknown just in the same degree. The majestic Mrs. Wilfer, avowedly an exceptional person, does not strike one as being at all more exaggerated and uncommon than Betty Higden, expressly designed to exemplify the feelings of a very common class. In this respect *Our Mutual Friend* is like all the novels that have come from the same mint. Mr. Dickens has always been, and always will be, essentially a caricaturist. He always either discovers people who are grotesque enough in themselves and their surroundings to bear reproducing without caricature, or else he takes plain people and brings them into harmony with the rest of his picture by investing them in caricature. And it is just to notice two things. First, as a caricaturist, Mr. Dickens, in humour, in inexhaustible fertility of fancy, in quickness of eye for detecting the right points, when he is at his best, stands altogether unrivalled. And, in the next place, as is the case in all good caricature, Mr. Dickens, in those books in which he has been most himself, is substantially truthful. He exaggerates, but he adheres to the original outline, and conveys a virtually correct impression. Chadband, Jefferson Brick, Elijah Pogram, Gradgrind, and a long gallery of others, the very recollection of whom makes one look into *Our Mutual Friend* with blank amazement, are all caricatures, many of them broad caricatures; still they do not convey a single untrue impression of the originals, and they do convey the truth which is most striking about the people caricatured. In *Our Mutual Friend* we still find only caricatures, but they are caricatures without either of Mr. Dickens's characteristic excellences. They are not very witty or humorous, and we are unable to recognise their truth and purpose. Nothing, for instance, can be more dismal in the way of parody or satire than the episode of the Veneerings and their friends. Where is either the humour or the truth of the caricature? The execution is coarse and clumsy, and the whole picture is redolent of ill-temper and fractiousness. This spoils it. A good caricaturist enjoys his work, however angry he may be against the

* *Our Mutual Friend*. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

object of it. Mr. Dickens, in this case, seems to screech with ill-will and bitterness. Yet he could caricature Chadband and Bumble, whom he had much more reason to detest, without raising his voice into a scream of anger. Surely bitterness is the last feeling with which such harmless social impostors as the Veneerings are meant to represent ought to be regarded by a man who talks about being an artist. The extravagance, the ill-humour, and the utter want of truthfulness reach a climax in the last chapter of all, entitled "The Voice of Society." Society is sometimes unjust, and generally contents itself with quick and surface judgments. But then, from its very composition, this could not be otherwise. Society has never all the facts, and therefore cannot always be just, or profound either. And its judgments can go only upon general grounds. As a rule, it is not a good thing for a gentleman to marry beneath him. The Voice of Society was not so dreadfully wicked and corrupt for giving expression to the belief in the soundness of this view. The odious vulgarity and malevolence which Mr. Dickens has put into the mouth of Society are mere moonshine, and not creditable to the author's insight or shrewdness. We do not venture to deny that Mr. Dickens knows "what is best in his vocation." Only, "in the interests of art," as he would say, we cannot but think the vocation of making spiteful and clumsy attacks on Society is an uncommonly poor one. And, unfortunately, we cannot help wondering whether the artist would consider equally good in its way the genial and witty picture of the Ratswill Election for instance, and what strikes us as the sour and pitiless account of the election of Mr. Veneering for the ancient borough of Pocket Breeches. Angry, screaming caricature such as this is not caricature at all, and we frankly confess ourselves ignorant of the "denomination of art" to which it may be considered to belong. It was not always Mr. Dickens's vocation.

In the character of Mr. Podsnap, blunt as is a good deal of what is designed for cutting humour, there is still, it must be admitted, a large amount of underlying truthfulness. Most of Mr. Dickens's readers were quick to recognise what he means by Podsnappery. After all, Podsnap is only a very roughly executed representation of what the Germans call a Philistine and the French a grocer. Many persons who would perhaps have failed either to create from their own observation this ogre of society, or to acquire from the light touches of a more refined and deeper satirist a proper idea of the hateful traits of the ogre, may have their minds opened by the telling, if broad and coarse, sketch in the present story. And this is connected with one of Mr. Dickens's most conspicuous merits. In spite of the lurid and melodramatic air which he loves to throw over parts at least of nearly all his novels, in spite of his exaggeration and frequent affectations of all sorts, he has always shown a sincere hatred of that form of cant which implies that all English habits and institutions are the highest product of which civilization is capable. He has a most wholesome conviction that the abuses of the world are more or less improvable, and were not ordained and permanently fixed by the Almighty. This is patent enough, no doubt, but it is the most patent truths which are most habitually overlooked. Mr. Dickens has always been more or less in earnest about things, and has not contented himself with looking out on the world from the dilettante point. For example, in *Our Mutual Friend*, the character of Betty Higden, the old woman to whom the prospect of coming on the parish is the most appalling thought of her life, and whose only wish is that she may die in a ditch—this character is to our minds thoroughly sentimental and over-done. The reflections to which her terror gives rise are, from the point of view of "the interests of art," thoroughly out of place in a novel. But, for all this, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Dickens is both sincere and justified in his abhorrence of much in the administration of the Poor Law. We demur altogether to an "artist" writing a story to show or prove a position of this sort. But it is impossible for those who watch the subject not to feel that Mr. Dickens is not wrong in his emphatic assertion that "there has been in England, since the days of the Stuarts, no law so often infamously administered, no law so often openly violated, no law habitually so ill supervised." His outspoken disgust at cant and red-tape and Bumbledom has perhaps won him almost as many admirers as his fancy and wit. Admirers of this sort will certainly not be diminished by Mr. Podsnap.

Of the other characters, those which are not outrageous caricatures are mere shadows. What do we know, after all, of Lizzie Hexam or John Harmon? And even Bella Wilfer, for all her wilfulness and impatience and hatred of poverty, is sadly wanting in vitality. Her tender conversations, first with her half-idiotic father, and then with her mysterious and exceedingly dull husband, may rank among the most wearisome dialogues in modern fiction. Her majestic mother we take to be one of the best of those ineffably grotesque and altogether inhuman creations in which the author's fancy has always revelled. Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster with dull plodding intellect, and full of overwhelming and irrepressible passion, is, in a different way, another of the characters in which Mr. Dickens has generally delighted. Such a character throws the required luridness over the story. Perhaps there is the germ in Bradley Headstone of a very powerful creation. But the author had provided no plot which might leave room for the working-out of the conception. Even Mr. Dickens has seldom written a book in which there is so little uniformity of plot, so few signs of any care to make the parts fit in with one another in some kind of proportion. The characters all come on the stage anyhow; one or two of them look sombre and dull, and

do nothing; most of them merely perform grotesque antics, and make quaint grimaces at the public and one another, and then retire. On the whole, this makes a very tedious performance, and the general verdict will probably be that *Our Mutual Friend* is rather hard reading.

Some of the minor affectations in which the author, as usual, thinks fit to indulge, do not at all make the reading more cheerful. There is a gloomy butler, whom Mr. Dickens thinks it rather humorous to liken to an analytical chemist, "always seeming to say, after 'Chablis, Sir?' 'You wouldn't if you knew what it's made of.'" Well, this is not a very bad joke as jokes go, but it is quite another thing when we find the butler brought in as often as possible, and always under the name of the Analytical. Then there is Fledgeby, who is invariably introduced as "feeling for his whiskers"; and what is the humour of again and again repeating minutely the statement that Fledgeby's friends always talked about "the Bourse and Greek and Spanish and India and Mexican and par and premium and discount and three-quarters and seven-eighths"? This and a hundred other weak reiterative tricks of the same sort show that Mr. Dickens is utterly deaf to the advice of those who admire his genius sufficiently to believe that he can dispense with such artificial sillinesses. The admirable freshness and fancy of the Doll's Dressmaker do something to console us for having to bear with these, "his tricks and his manners," as she would say. Whether the consolation is quite adequate and satisfactory must depend on the reader's temperament.

CICERO AND HIS FRIENDS.

CICERO is a signal instance of the uncertainty of reputation. There was a time when he was regarded as a burning and a shining light in philosophy, as an almost unerring guide for the history of his own times, as a consummate statesman, speculative and practical, and as a nearly perfect patriot. Fathers of the Church did not blush to own him for their master in language; men of far greater genius than he possessed did him willing homage. His forensic and rhetorical exaggerations were once accepted as oracles of truth and wisdom, although few writers more frequently contradict themselves, are more swayed by the passion of the moment, or more often change their opinions. To question his public or private virtues was once accounted a literary heresy; to set Caesar above him was almost a symptom of an unsound mind. But this glory has long since departed, and Cicero, in the present generation, has come in for his full measure and running over of blame and depreciation. In the hands of such historians as Drumann and Mommsen he fares little better than Piso, Antonius, or even Catilina fared in his. With them he is a renegade, a time-server, a self-seeker, one upon whose actions no man could count, upon whose word no one could rely. As an historian, his testimony is pronounced to be worthless; as a philosopher, he does not know even the alphabet of the systems he discusses, and which he so lamely attacks or defends; even his style is censured as verbose and affected—a reflection of his own vanity and insincerity. The idol of Longolius, Bellenden, and Conyers Middleton in past times, and of Mr. Forsyth in the present, is shown to be as hollow as Daniel's dragon itself. Even those who have in some measure—as, for example, Abeken and Mr. Merivale—taken his part, are little better than iconoclasts; instead of applauding, they frame excuses for him, in place of incense they tender him pity. But has he not sunk in these revolutions of taste as much below his proper level as he was once exalted about it? Were the scholars of the sixteenth and the following centuries, were the doctors of the middle ages, were the Fathers of the Church all wrong in their estimate of his merits? May not the present depreciation of his character and writings be in some degree not merely a reaction, but a consequence of an increasing disposition to elevate Caesar to the pedestal which was once, however unworthily, occupied by Marcus Tullius?

The work of M. Gaston Boissier affords a good opportunity for reopening this question, but such a rehearsing of the Ciceroian case would far exceed our limits. We must content ourselves with a few of its more salient features. In the first place, M. Gaston Boissier recommends himself to the reader by the temperate spirit in which he writes. He is not a partisan of either Caesar or Cicero, of aristocracy or democracy, neither does he veil under an ancient garb the opposite and very dissimilar phenomena of modern politics. This is a positive merit at a time when German scholars attempt to justify absolutism in Prussia, and French writers imperialism in Paris, by the examples of Sylla and the Caesars. In the next place, he has diligently studied the writings of Cicero and his contemporaries, and thrown some new, and generally very agreeable, light on Roman society at that period. He examines the private as well as the public life of Cicero—surrounds him with his family and his friends, contrasts him with Caesar and Pompeius, and furnishes us with a valuable running commentary on his political and familiar writings.

A parallel is drawn in the Introduction to this volume which, at first sight, may appear to savour of Macedon and Monmouth. The letters of Cicero are compared to those of Madame de Sévigné. What fellowship, the reader may fairly ask, can there be between the lively French lady and the king of the Roman Forum? The

* *Cicéron et ses Amis, Étude sur la Société Romaine du Temps de César.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: Hachette et Co. 1865.

resemblance lies in their respective temperaments, and in their eminent qualifications for epistolary correspondence. Had M. Gaston Boissier been an Englishman he would doubtless have placed Horace Walpole, as a writer of letters, beside Cicero; but, being what he is, he could not in this particular respect have found a better counterpart for him than one whom Walpole, with pardonable enthusiasm, calls the "divine Maria." Of the salvage from the wrecks of ancient literature no one item is comparable for its worth to the preservation of Cicero's letters. In them we possess what history so rarely affords, a living and almost speaking portrait of the time at which they were written. Were Atticus ten or a hundredfold more selfish than he is commonly reputed to have been, we are bound to hold his name in reverence for ever for the good turn he has done us in rescuing these precious chapters of history from oblivion. Had Cicero's philosophical writings perished, though we should have lost much valuable insight into the opinions and systems of the Greek schools, neither ethical nor metaphysical science would have been much a loser. Had his orations been lost, or handed down to us like those of his contemporaries in a few meagre fragments only, we might not have known the full capacity of the Latin language, but we should not have been deprived of much valuable material for history. But, had his letters been destroyed, there would have been no compensation for their absence, not even if every decade of Livy had come down to us intact, or the narratives of Sisenna, Pollio, and Sallust been preserved. In Cicero's correspondence we have memoirs scarcely less copious or instructive than the memoirs of De Retz, Madame de Longueville, or St. Simon, and letters scarcely less diversified or admirable than those of Sévigné. Most fortunate also is it that Atticus, and not the writer of them himself, was the editor of these epistles. Had Cicero published them, at least half of their present charms would have vanished. He would have done by them what Johnson did with his letters and memoranda from the Hebrides. By elaborate correction and grave afterthoughts he would have congealed their spirit and cast a rhetorical blight upon their ease and humour. In the room of these spontaneous outpourings of his thoughts, feelings, fears, and jealousies, of these delightful pictures of his vanity, infirmity of purpose, and inconsistency, we should have had such solemn coxcombry as we find in the Letters of Pliny. But *Dii Meliores*—and we are as well, or even better, acquainted with Cicero than we are with Bacon or Shakspeare, thanks to the pious care of his freedman Tiro and his friend Atticus.

Besides an insatiable spirit of curiosity and a lively interest in every movement of the age, Madame de Sévigné and Marcus Cicero had another quality in common; to each of them a confidant was indispensable, to each a fully sympathizing spirit. The former possessed in her daughter, in Bussy Rabutin, and in other members of her inner circle; the latter, in Atticus in the highest degree, and in a secondary one in Brutus, Servius Sulpicius, Marcellus, and Pollio. Had we, however, received the *Epistole ad Familiares* only, we should have beheld little more than a ghost of the writer of them; whereas in those addressed to Atticus alone we have as living a portrait of the original as it is in the power of words to draw. Paris and France generally, in the seventeenth century, were in advance of Rome and Italy in many of the comforts and conveniences of life; since the French had linen on their backs and glass in their windows, ate with their forks instead of their fingers, and did not consider assafetida a sauce inseparable from a haunch of venison or a boiled turkey. But in postal arrangements at that time the Most Christian Kingdom was not very far in advance of the Pagan Commonwealth. Twice a week only could the communicative Maria, without employing special messengers, despatch her lively news-letters to her correspondents; accordingly there was ample leisure, not merely for collecting, but also for conveying in the most agreeable forms, the intelligence of the day. Horace Walpole, though living so near London, was not much better accommodated in these respects. He describes the post as lighting upon one toe at the Twickenham letter-office, turning on it while exchanging bags, and chaffing back to town. Cicero, indeed, had no letter-bags or boxes, but then he had a cohort of slaves at hand whom he could despatch at any hour of the day from any one of his many country-houses to his numerous correspondents. To some of his political friends, indeed, he sends official despatches, we might almost call them pamphlets, on the state of parties in Rome. But these savour of the orator, and are the least instructive and entertaining portions of his correspondence. When, however, he writes in haste, he is incomparable. He displays an almost childish delight in change of place. When he is once again at Tusculum, or Antium, or Formiæ, he feels that he can never leave those pleasant retreats; when he returns to his house on the Paatine, he marvels at his ever having buried himself in the country. His personal history is inscribed in his letters. Those which he composed in exile are one long wail of despair; those which describe his return and progress from Brundisium to the capital are one continuous song of triumph. While Proconsul of Cilicia, and pining for the expiration of his year of office, he affects a vein of pleasantries; but his wit is forced, and the mask he assumes does not hide his troubled brow. When Atticus has sent him new books, or a new statue, or some choice sample of the skill of Mentor or Myron for his sideboard, he prattles with delight; when the bill comes in for these curiosities, or for the yet more serious cost of masons, carpenters, and decorators,

he writes as other gentlemen in difficulties are wont to do. And so Madame de Sévigné is never so well pleased as when the woods of Brittany receive her under their shadows, unless it be when the hôtels of Paris relieve her from the solitude of the country. She, too, expresses infinite pleasure in the arrival of a new set of china, or of a new romance or play. Cicero prefers talking to his predial slaves to entertaining the country gentlemen, Arrius and his friend Sebosus; and Madame likes conversing with her gardener better than morning visits from the rural magnates, *les chevaliers au parlement de Rennes*. M. Gaston Boissier points out many other points of resemblance between the lady and the "citizen of Arpinum," but we have cited enough from his examples to justify his parallel.

The Ciceros were not a happy family, and their frequent if not incessant discords occupy a large space in the letters to Atticus, who, indeed, for a man fond of his ease and comfort, had a hard task in reconciling them after one quarrel, or preventing them from breaking out into another. Brother Quintus was an exceedingly bad subject. Though one of Caesar's best generals, and a scholar also, he was in temper a mere barbarian, and in principles little, if at all, better than Clodius. Like Marcus, too, he had a taste for buying lands and building houses, and borrowing money on usury to pay for them; and it was because he had completely outrun the constable that he took Caesar's pay and did him such good service in the Gaulish and British wars. But there was a worse evil under the sun than Quintus the elder, and that was Quintus the younger, who, according to all accounts, was not only one of the greatest rascals, but also one of the greatest scamps, in Rome. Marcus junior, again, was one of the sons foredoomed their father's soul to cross. He was designed for an orator and a philosopher, and no pains nor cost was spared upon his education. But the only creditable period of his life was that in which he served under Brutus in Greece, and the most remarkable act of it was worthy of Michael Cassio after taking too much Cyprus wine; he hit Marcus Antonius "over the mazzard" at a drinking bout, and yet survived to boast of it, and to have a consulship conferred on him by Augustus. Young Marcus, indeed, had the wit to enjole his father, like many graceless sons before and after him; and the *Books of Duties* were dedicated to him as a reward for having abjured dice, drink, and light company, after having drained the paternal purse dry by indulging in them. But his repentance was exhausted before those celebrated books were completed, and Cicero discovered that it was useless to waste advice, practical or philosophical, upon a drunken guardsman. Between Tullia and her father there existed proper harmony, and had her fortunes in marriage been happier she might have recompensed him for his other infelicities. But he seems to have coaxed or compelled her to take husbands whose only merit was their political influence; and as he appears also to have made her somewhat of a *précieuse*, she and her partners kept house together uncomfortably. A very instructive book to persons about to marry is the fourteenth of Cicero's *Epistles ad Familiares*. It consists of letters to Terentia his wife. Reversing Mrs. Malaprop's recommendation to begin married life "with a little aversion at first," he and Terentia ended with it. The earlier letters are loving enough, the middle ones decidedly cool, the concluding ones brief and freezing. In the latter the only token of esteem is a repeated injunction to take care of her health—a most unnecessary one, for Terentia long outlived her husband, and married after he, or rather his head and hands, had made their last appearance on the rostrum. She seems to have had two capital faults; she was as "jealous as a Barbary pigeon" of all who approached Cicero, even of their daughter Tullia; and she dabbled in the money-market, often at her husband's cost. In all these troubles, and in some yet worse than these, Atticus was guide, philosopher, and friend; and certainly he cannot be taxed with preferring his own ease or enjoyment to the demands which Cicero made upon his time, thought, and even purse.

M. Gaston Boissier devotes a very interesting chapter to Atticus. He shows that Pomponius was a species of prodigy in Roman society. Political action occupied a very narrow circle among the Romans. Unless a man were rich—and there were very few rich men at this period—it was bootless for him to aspire to public office. The expenses of an election could be borne only by a few millionaire families or persons, and the great magistracies accordingly were almost confined to a few great houses. Nor was this all. They who went to the hustings during the last century of the Republic went often with their lives in their hands. Atticus was not of the temper of Cato, who gave and took hard blows like a Stoic as he was; neither was he endowed with the restless energy or vanity which enabled Cicero, in spite of natural timidity, to win himself an undying name. A man, too, having means and sense, and not being vexed with the demon of ambition, might reasonably, at such a period, say to himself that there was neither cause nor party worth fighting for—that honour could only be purchased by corruption, and probably also by crime. But this, according to M. Gaston Boissier, was not the view taken by Atticus. He was ambitious, but it was of wealth, and not of perilous honours. Once a rich man, distinction would follow, but it must be such distinction as neither bludgeons nor swords would purchase. Accordingly, Atticus invested his patrimony in the rich pastures of Epirus, and spent his rents in training troops of gladiators, whom he let out for the arena, or in educating slaves as copyists, bookbinders, and deco-

rators, whose wages brought in to their owner a considerable income. Neither did he disdain the less dignified character of a money-lender, in which line of business he was remarkably strict in exacting his dues. Absent from Rome for twenty years, he returned to it a great capitalist, unconnected with any party in the State, and not expected to mix himself in any question or faction of the day. Yet, though he stood thus aloof from the vortex of politics, he became intimate with every political leader. He passed from the house of Crassus to that of Pompeius, from the house of Cicero to that of Clodius, from Bibulus to Cæsar, and was welcomed by them all with impartial respect. His own table resembled that of Sir Joshua Reynolds; the fare was simple, the attendants were few, but the guests were the noblest and the most conspicuous men of the age. To Atticus alone it was permitted to be the friend of all men, without incurring the anger of any; nay, to such an extent was his exemption carried, that he became the friend of Octavius, although only a few months earlier he had clasped the hands of Brutus and Cassius.

M. Boissier shows that Atticus, notwithstanding these privileges as a neutral in a time of fierce and infinite division, was at heart a republican of the old stamp, and made no secret of his aversion to the designs of Cæsar. Possibly his dislike or alarm proceeded rather from his knowledge of Cæsar's followers than from personal hostility to the great and humane Dictator himself. One who had so much to lose as he had might well distrust ruffians like Milo, and prodigals like Cælius and Dolabella. Neither could the refined and philosophical Atticus find much pleasure in the conversation of rude and illiterate tribunes of the legions. M. Boissier's view of this remarkable character is the more likely to be accepted from the moderate tone in which it is expressed. He does not consider Atticus as setting a wholesome or a laudable example to good citizens; but he denies him to have been, as others have maintained, an utterly selfish man. His great humanity to all his acquaintances, his active services to all his friends, redeem his name in great measure from such an imputation. Selfish he may have been by temper and on system; but his care for his own interest cost no man position, good name, or life, and, compared with the selfishness of Pompeius and Cæsar, or with the personal vanity of Cicero, his neutrality almost assumes the dignity of a virtue. Of his memorable friendship he reaped a full and well-merited recompense—a name that posterity will not let die. Justly has Seneca observed, and were there a statue of Pomponius Atticus his words would meetly be inscribed on its pedestal:—"Nomen Attici perire Ciceronis epistolæ non sinunt; nihil illi profuisset gener Agrippæ, et Tiberius progener, et Drusus Cæsar pronepos; inter tam magna nomina taceretur, nisi Cicero illum applicuisset."

A separate, but shorter, chapter is assigned to another friend and correspondent of Cicero—Cælius. And the selection is judicious, for he was a type of the creature engendered by revolutions. He would have been in Paris in 1789 what he was in Rome eighteen centuries earlier. With good abilities, with great personal gifts, without any fixed principles moral or political, Cælius was one of the men who follow on the heels of partisan leaders, and bring disgrace alike on them and their cause. In earlier and better days he would have stood among the young Claudii and Fabii whose insolent demeanour towards the Commons of Rome was, even more than direct oppression, the cause of secession from the city and of sanguinary tumult in its streets. In his own day he belonged to the profligate coterie of which Catullus and Calvus were the poets, and Clodius and Antonius the informing spirits.

It is not to be expected that Cicero's early reputation will ever revive; that there will ever again be a Ciceronian sect or worship; that he will ever again be extolled above Cæsar: or that a Sir William Jones will peruse annually his *Opera Omnia*, or refuse Octavius his imperial title because he was consenting to Cicero's murder. Yet, although he has ceased to be an idol of the learned and the companion of statesmen in their closets, it does not follow that he was "a slight unmeritable man," much less that he was the low-minded intriguer, the *desultor partium*, the political turncoat, the coward or the braggart of some recent books. We cannot, however, here enter upon his defence, and indeed, to readers of the volume before us it is unnecessary to do so. M. Gaston Boissier is no *Tulli fautor ineptus*. He does not deny that Cicero was sometimes weak, always irritable and vain, and occasionally mistaken, and indeed mischievous, in his public conduct. But, admitting so much, he also shows that at Rome in any age, and more especially in a revolutionary era, a *novus homo*, a man without a train of clients and without family connection, could not rise to high place except at some extraordinary crisis, and by singular ability and energy alone. Cicero had rendered himself necessary to the oligarchy, but the necessity did not make him strong. He tried to compensate for the want of a *comitatus*, first by a temporary union of the Senate and the Knights, and afterwards by playing off the heads of factions against each other. But in each case he leaned upon a rush; in each he became the sport of those in whom he put trust; and we should perhaps rather admire the pertinacity with which he clung to his position, than condemn the arts or intrigues by which he balanced himself upon it. The difficulties of that position are clearly and succinctly shown by M. Boissier in the chapter entitled "*César et Cicéron*."

THE LITERATURE AND CURIOSITIES OF DREAMS.*

IT might truly be said that there is a volume of unwritten poetry in the word "dream," or whatever is the equivalent word to "dream" in any civilized language. Few chords of thought are more responsive, fuller or wider in their associations, or more unique in their mysterious interest, than those which are struck whenever that syllable is spoken. Every human being, with perhaps rare exceptions, possesses either the habit or the faculty of dreaming, and at least partially remembering dreams. Probably nearly everybody has his own shade of what may be called either superstition or impressibility as to the value or possible significance of the visions which are borne in upon his sleeping hours. Whatever be the cause of dreams, and whether they be in each particular case connected with pleasant or unpleasant sensations, few persons can be absolutely indifferent to their possession or the power of dreaming. A well-digested volume upon the literature and curiosities of dreams might accordingly be expected to be interesting even to fascination. Mr. Seafield has compiled, with considerable labour and taste, what is intended to be, and in a certain sense is, an exhaustive handbook upon the subject. Every plausible theory of the import or origin of dreams that has been broached or argued by an educated writer seems to find its place in his pages. The most commonly known dream-stories, and a great many more that have been less widely circulated, are detailed with an obvious desire to maintain the strictest fidelity of narration. Mr. Seafield's own suggestions upon the nature of dreams are sensible and straightforward; and his appreciation of the historical science of dream-interpretation appears to be that of a truthful and well-informed critic. Yet his book, although full of literary curiosities, and perhaps rightly to be termed a literary curiosity in itself, is not as fascinating as might have been hoped for. A volume has indeed been written on the theme of dreams, but it is a volume of prose, not of poetry.

Perhaps it is the fact that the main beauty of dreams lies in that very subtlety of association which cannot bear the hard touch of strict analysis. Even in waking life, there are times and seasons when it becomes wearisome to attend exclusively to the operations of what is termed a well-regulated mind, conducted so methodically and logically that a bystander personally familiar with its character can almost anticipate them. Useful as the habit of following out a single track of thought with rigid self-concentration undoubtedly is, the opposite tendency of discursiveness is not without a compensating charm. The trains of meditation which lead us away with the most irresistible captivation are not unfrequently those in which some one step is, so to speak, an unexpected and blind plunge into an entirely different element from that in which we were circulating a moment before. It is the succession of swift leaps forward from one isolated point of thought to another, without turning or caring to see whether the way back is to be found easily or at all, that makes the pleasure of reverie; and reverie is the state of dreaming awake. As long as you float with the stream of ideas, the motion is easy and soothing enough. Turn against the stream—ask yourself how you came where you are, and whither you are going—and the stream and its banks alike vanish, and leave you high and dry, in the position which the drill-sergeant entitles "as you was before you were as you are." To follow back the clue of a dream is a not more exciting, and perhaps a not much more profitable, task than the unravelling of a rope of sand, or tracing on the map of the heavens the path of a shooting star. Yet to show the methods by which the clue of a dream can be more or less rationally followed back must, after all, be a main part of the serious business of a book like Mr. Seafield's.

What are the causes that shape our dreams, if they are not altogether the offspring of chance and inconsequence? The most determined belief in their meaning, as the medium of warning or tidings from another sphere of existence, will hardly suffice to cut the knot of this question by the simple answer that dreams are sent from Jove in the specific shape which they assume; for even the largest faith rarely regards all dreams alike as either directly prophetic or figurative. Why does a dream (except for purposes of second-sight) take one direction rather than another? Mr. Seafield defines the influences which modify their course as, "firstly, the present bodily sensations, and especially the internal state of the physical system; and, secondly, the previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent states of mind." The vague impressions made upon the partially aroused senses of the sleeper give the hint of some idea or class of ideas associated with similar impressions in the experience of active life or waking imagination. A hard bed, an uneasy posture, an ill-digested supper, a sudden discordant noise, and so forth, are frequently responsible for the presentation of imaginary scenes in which the sleeper is taking part—scenes of such a character as would involve or account for the sensations which, in fact, are the sole phenomena by which his consciousness is at the time affected. From the first day of its entrance into this life, the mind of every man has occupied more or less strenuously all its waking hours in associating impressions with their apparent causes, and registering such associations in the memory. It is not unnatural that, in a state of partial consciousness, mistakes should be made between the accidental or occasional and the necessary or constant connections of phenomena. A dreamer appears to be generally incapable of appreciating the

* *The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams.* By Frank Seafield. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

incoherence of the explanations which his faintly touched memory suggests for the feelings of the moment. Even where he is so far awake as to be actually aware (as sometimes happens) that a particular imagination of his dream is in contradiction to some fact which experience has taught him to be true, his logical activity is only strong enough to puzzle, not to undeceive him; but, as a rule, he has, as Mr. Seafeld states, "no consciousness of incoherence or incongruity. In sleep we get out of the laws of time and space; and, being in chaos, we find nothing chaotic." It is the vividness of each successive conception, not the accuracy or verisimilitude with which they are dovetailed into sequence, that measures the reality of dreams. In fact, as far as it arises out of physical causes, every dream is but a misconstruction of sensations only rendered possible by the temporary absence of that common sense which governs our waking processes of reason.

The very inconsequence of dreams might perhaps afford a sufficient, if not the sole, explanation of the religious feeling which from the earliest ages has attached to them. In proportion to the distance of their imaginary pictures from the ordinary possibilities of every-day life, they may naturally have seemed to point forcibly to a supernatural origin. Had it been a matter of ordinary occurrence in Egypt that seven lean kine should devour seven fat kine and yet be none the better favoured, Joseph would never have been called in to interpret Pharaoh's dream. It is more difficult to trace in one's own dreams any general or close connection with previous waking thoughts or prevalent mental habits. We should be inclined to say that, except under circumstances of special anxiety or continued mental strain, the dreaming soul rather delights in forgetting, as absolutely as it can, the immediately preceding processes and businesses with which it has been engaged, and in drawing the material for its fanciful combinations from the furthest recesses of memory. It is, we suspect, by no means so common as is sometimes supposed to dream of anything about which one can remember, on waking afterwards, to have been thinking just before falling asleep, unless the nerves have been excited by long and involuntary dwelling of the mind upon a painful or anxious topic. Nor is it probable that many persons keep a sufficiently comprehensive and accurate record of their dreams to be able to say how far they reflect any formed mental habit. That watch over waking thoughts and tendencies which a responsible being is bound to maintain is a matter in which it is equally possible to err on the side of carelessness or on that of overstrained introspectivity. Those who overlook their own idiosyncrasies while awake are not likely to recognise the same tendencies as besetting their sleeping selves; while, on the other hand, any morbid hypercritical particularity in waking self-examination is almost certain to discover baseless analogies of character in the personal conduct of the dreamer. As in the other portions of the visionary phenomena, so in the representation of one's own personal acts, that which strikes one most forcibly is that which is most unexpected, as contradicting or going beyond previous experience. To behave in circumstances of a familiar kind as one is used to behave in the broad light of day, produces no memorable impression. But to recognise one's dreaming self as acting in opposition to one's waking principles or proclivities, is a not unfrequent and a vivid sensation. And if one's dreams at different times run upon a class of scenes with which one has had no previous contact in life (such, for instance, as battles or shipwrecks to peaceful inlanders), it is found that one's demeanour in the several dreams varies to any extent, and without any appreciable reason. Nor are the acts of the personages who appear in dreams at all more necessarily in conformity with their authentic character than those of the dreamer. We are scarcely, for the moment, surprised or indignant at seeing our most respected friends commit acts of such wickedness or inhumanity in our dreams as would at once excite our utmost grief and horror in a waking state. We appear to have leaped out of moral as well as physical laws, and being (to carry Mr. Seafeld's phrase a little further) in a moral chaos, we find nothing chaotic. It is perhaps the case that habitual over-indulgence in a particular train of reverie while awake may tend to lead the half-conscious imagination in a similar direction in dreams. But we believe that this is exactly the class of phantasms which makes the weakest impressions on the memory; and we find it difficult to agree with Mr. Seafeld's ideas of the value of remembered dreams as a reliable criterion of the sound morality of the dreamer. His axiom, *in somnio veritas*, seems to us more epigrammatic than true. In dreams, he thinks, "each man's character is disintegrated, so that he may see the elements of which it is composed." We should rather say that a dream disintegrates the entire character of humanity, and eliminates the self-governing sense altogether; that every dreamer may innocently find himself performing in imagination any folly, any wickedness, any act of genius, benevolence, magnificence, or meanness, which can enter into the mind of any man to conceive or execute.

From what Mr. Seafeld terms "fluttering about the ethics of dreams" the book passes to the history of various methods or codes of dream-interpretation, and the collection of remarkable dream-stories. The science of Oneiro-criticism, as it is styled by professors in that department of learning, appears to have always been no less vague in its principles than anomalous in its results. Mr. Seafeld's chapters give no more hint of a key to any process by which the supposed significance of particular objects seen in sleep is to be ascertained, than is to be found in the dream-books of lucky numbers for backing in a Roman lottery. There is a certain grim humour in a broad axiom laid down by a Mussulman

dream-expounder of the second century after Mahomet, Gabborachman:—"Under all circumstances, and on every occasion, few dreams can be more fortunate than that in which a man sees the tongue of his wife amputated at the root." But a long list of interpretations of similar dream phenomena, for which no analogous basis to that of a common marital grievance can be found by the reader, soon becomes tedious. Why should "the more signs of blows and bruises which an ass exhibits" be "the better for the dreamer"? or why should the killing of an ass in order to eat its flesh be an omen of treasure-trove? The interest of learning that a certain portion of the human race once believed, or was required to believe, in such nonsense is infinitesimally small, unless, along with the fact, some glimmer of light is thrown upon the tendencies or habits which induced such a belief. Where, however, an obvious moral is pointed in the manner of telling the story, as in the following instance, it is possible to draw instruction and amusement even out of a visionary set of teeth, which the Mahometan oneiro-critic identifies with the family of the dreamer. The Khalif Almanson dreamed that his complete set fell out from his jaws. The first interpreter whom he consulted informed him that all his relations would die. The Commander of the Faithful was angry, and dismissed the melancholy seer with abundance of hard words. "God has given you an evil mouth, and put into it evil words. Quit my presence, and take the curse of God for your company." A second oneiro-critic modified the unpleasant answer so as to assure the Khalif that he should outlive all his connections. Almanson smiled graciously at the announcement, and ordered the agreeable prophet 10,000 drachms of gold. So much is there in the right and the wrong way of putting things.

If the compilation of a history of the laws of dream-exposition is to be considered a matter of profound importance, we should be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Seafeld's dictionary of interpretations by "Artemidorus and others," for not specifying more particularly the authority from whom each instance is taken. It can scarcely be one of the school or time of Artemidorus, an Ephesian of the second century of the Christian era, who congratulates any clergyman on dreaming that he has much glebeland attached to his house, because it signifies that he shall obtain a good benefice. Nor is it likely that Artemidorus assigned to the dream of being at the bottom of a coal-pit the signification of marrying a widow. Mr. Seafeld speaks of the *Oneirocritica* of Artemidorus as still "the great dream-bible" or "statute-book of the dream-world." If so, it would really be as well to draw a more positive line between the authentic dogmas of the primitive dream-church and the modern interpolations of more sophisticated and possibly heretical commentators. Ingenuous readers have a right to know upon whose wisdom they are relying for the understanding of their dreams. In default of such knowledge we may be driven, with "the sceptical Bayle," into the miserable condition of believing that "there is not one dream explained in any particular manner by Artemidorus which will not admit of a very different explication, that shall have as great show of reasonableness and probability as that furnished by him." Which (Mr. Seafeld says, and we agree with him) is conceivable.

BASHAN AND SYRIA.*

"THE Giant Cities of Bashan and Syria's Holy Places" is a magniloquent enough to presage a very washy performance. We only beg that no one into whose hands this little volume may fall will be deterred from reading it by its title. In the compass of about 350 pages of excellent type, on thick creamy paper, and illustrated by a few striking engravings from photographs, Mr. Porter has given a thoroughly satisfactory account of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, the valley of the Jordan from its sources, Philistia and the plain of Sharon, Galilee, and Esdraelon. In all these, however, he is in some degree a compiler, keeping aloof as much as may be from the paths and discoveries of others, and filling in excellent details everywhere, and these from original exploration. He claims, *e.g.*, and apparently with reason, to have settled the sites of Ai, Nob, Gath, Hazor, Hazar-Enan, and some other places hitherto doubtful or undiscovered. But the chief value of the volume is that part of it which describes journeys through districts in which few travellers since the time of Burckhardt had preceded him—Bashan and the Eastern Wilderness, and the north border of the Holy Land. We may add, on the testimony of one of the (almost equally few) travellers who have hitherto followed his steps, that his accuracy may be entirely depended on. The great want is that of a map.

We must premise that there are a few mistakes about the book, which, however pardonable in works of slight merit or transitory interest, Mr. Porter should set to work seriously to correct, simply because his is a book which deserves to last. It is not expedient, for instance, to call the ruins of a Roman theatre, whenever they occur, a "rustic opera"; nor to talk about the olives in Gethsemane forming "an arbour," and elsewhere an "oratory," "for Jesus"; nor to speak of the "Tyropean (*sic*) valley" as though the former word were a sort of adjective, like European. Certain ecstasies, again, might be spared which occur at intervals through-

* *The Giant Cities of Bashan, and Syria's Holy Places.* By the Rev. J. L. Porter, A.M., Author of "Five Years in Damascus," "Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine," "The Pentateuch and the Gospels," &c. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1865.

out, but perhaps reach their bathos in sentences like the following (he is surveying the southern half of Zion):—

"Haste, give me the glass," I said; I turned it upon the spot. Yes, I was right; a plough and yoke of oxen were there at work. Jeremiah's prophecy was fulfilled before my eyes—"Zion shall be ploughed like a field."—(xxvi. 18.)

Besides the odd taste of this kind of ebullition, one gets a notion of the pursuit of prophecy under difficulties, which is most unfortunate in a volume which gives more instances of definite prophecies distinctly fulfilled than can be found perhaps in any other. The Holy Land, in truth, in its very aspect, in the salutations and even the meals of the inhabitants, authenticates at every turn and (as one may say) identifies the Bible—and especially its minuter touches—in a way that nothing else can; and the travel-book that puts one fairly in the position of an eye-witness may safely leave the reader to verify the prophecies for himself. There is also here and there something even less pleasant than ecstasies—a sort of writing which we can only designate as Irish pseudo-poetics. When we are told, "The poor Jew may now truly exclaim, as he looks down on his squalid dwelling on the brow of Zion—

Our temple hath not left one stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne"—

one is apt to think he might easily find more profitable occupation than talking questionable grammar in unquestionable doggerel; but what on earth is one to think when a description of Gethsemane ends as follows:—

Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!
There my God bare all my guilt;
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

This (whoever may have been its author) we take to be unequalled of its kind. But we venture to believe that we express the feeling of nine readers out of ten when we request the omission, in all future editions, of extravagances like the above, of endeavours (which are far too frequent) to re-write Scripture narratives with the help of sensational superlatives, and of Anglo-Irish fine writing in general. Finally, we cannot suppress a little surprise that a writer who knocks over Dr. Colenso's mares'-nests unscrupulously whenever they come across him (and some of them—as e.g. the one about the over-populousness of the Promised Land—admirably) should have gravely told us that the angel of death who destroyed Sennacherib's army was very possibly a simoom—for no apparent reason except that Mr. Porter fell in with one and found it very disagreeable—and should have indulged in remarks about "the sins which led to David's ill-assorted and badly-trained family" as glibly as Ewald or the last new philosopher. Mr. Porter's heroics and epasmodics are only excusable on the supposition that they are intended for a class of readers, not yet wholly extinct, who rejoice in Watts's Divine and Moral Songs and get their notions of the world from the *Record*. And now we have done with fault-finding. If we had not a real belief that the volume is of far more value than perhaps any other of its size on the subject of which it treats, we should not have troubled ourselves to inflict these *fidelia vulnera amanti*.

In its matter the book is good throughout. About the most hard-worked routes and familiar places Mr. Porter still finds something to say that nobody has said before; but, as we have observed, its especial value lies in its account of Bashan. Not that this is entirely new (though in part it is) to the readers of his former volumes; but not one traveller in a hundred goes eastward of the Jordan valley, except, perhaps, for two or three days' tour in Moab or an excursion from Beyrout to Damascus, and therefore the stay-at-home reader knows nothing of the intervening district but what his remembrances of his school-maps tell him—namely, that a broad white space of nobody knows how many hundreds of miles of desert runs all the way to the Euphrates. We believe that very many persons will be much surprised to learn that from the borders of Syria to the Euphrates is only about as far as from London to York, and that the country east of the Jordan is, for miles and miles, as rich grazing land as can be desired.

Its two great peculiarities are, first, that it is almost uninhabited, save here and there by a few Druse tribes who live in perpetual terror of Bedouin raids; and next, the singular good fortune which has preserved its ruins almost unchanged for more than 3,000 years. Bashan is probably more crowded with ruins, and those ruins of large and populous towns, than any other district in the world. The "sixty great cities" (Deut. iii. 4, 5, 14) of one of its little districts (Argob, the Roman Trachonitis, some thirty miles by twenty, and the most rocky part of the country) are all there still. You can hardly ascend a hill without seeing a dozen or two at a view. Here and there, as at Kufir, the stone gates, about ten feet high, remain in their places to this day. Everywhere the eye meets with Roman and Saracenic superstructures, and not unfrequently with a series of inscriptions that make a sort of stone chronology among them, telling how, on foundations visibly older than those of Solomon's temple, so-and-so the Roman built a temple to Jupiter, which three or four hundred years afterwards Bishop Gregorius converted into a church, and which has now been for many centuries a ruined mosque. The roads to this day are Roman, almost everywhere; but the houses are of far earlier date, and are as habitable at this moment as when they were

deserted by their possessors. They are deserted, but they are in no sense ruined:—

Many of the houses in the ancient cities of Bashan are perfect, as if only finished yesterday. The walls are sound, the roofs unbroken, the doors and even the window-shutters in their places. Let not my readers think that I am transcribing a passage from the *Arabian Nights*. . . . "But how," you ask me, "can we account for the preservation of ordinary dwellings in a land of ruins? If one of our modern English cities were deserted for a millennium, there would scarcely be a fragment of a wall standing." The reply is easy enough. The houses of Bashan are not ordinary houses. Their walls are from five to eight feet thick, built of large squared blocks of basalt; the roofs are formed of slabs of the same material, hewn like planks, and reaching from wall to wall; the very doors and window-shutters are of stone, hung upon pivots projecting above and below. Some of these ancient cities have from two to five hundred houses still perfect, but not a man to dwell in them. On one occasion, from the battlements of the castle of Salcah, I counted some thirty towns and villages dotting the surface of the vast plain, many of them almost as perfect as when they were built, and yet for more than five centuries there has not been a single inhabitant in one of them.

Let us append to this, just as a specimen of the way in which references to Scripture should be handled, a sentence or two from Mr. Graham, "the only other traveller since Burckhardt who traversed Eastern Bashan" until Mr. Porter's time:—

When we find, one after another, great stone cities, walled and unwalled, with stone gates, and so crowded together that it becomes almost a matter of wonder how all the people could have lived in so small a place; when we see houses built of such huge and massive stones that no force which can be brought against them in that country could ever batter them down; when we find rooms in these houses so large and lofty that many of them would be considered fine rooms in a palace in Europe; and, lastly, when we find some of these towns bearing the very names which cities in that very country bore before the Israelites came out of Egypt, I think we cannot help feeling the strongest conviction that we have before us the cities of the Rephaim of which we read in the Book of Deuteronomy.

We are obliged to leave unnoticed all that Mr. Porter says of the northern border of the Promised Land; and also a curious account of the massacres of 1860 at Damascus and in the Lebanon, drawn from the narratives of eye-witnesses—Mr. Graham, Dr. Meshakah, and Mr. Robson. His estimate of the Arabs, wherever he falls in with them, is a good deal different from that of Lady Duff Gordon; and perhaps what he heard of their doings in Damascus, and saw of them in Bashan, entitles his judgment to considerable weight. Still we cannot forget that, in his own words, or rather in Mr. Robson's, "had it not been for Abd-el-Kader, and a few others, the slaughter would have been much greater than it was." And, except that they were personally kind to himself, we cannot understand his somewhat extravagant laudation of the Druses. One gets a slight impression of one-sidedness in these parts of the narrative for which there may be reasons with which the author has not made us acquainted. But this is a matter, after all, on which Mr. Porter must be a better judge than most other persons can be. Of the value of the book altogether there can be no two opinions.

THE AMULET.*

THE *Amulet*, its author tells us, "makes no claim to the character of an elaborate work of fiction." It would, therefore, be unfair to bring it to any very lofty test of criticism. We may be content to say that it is readable and pleasantly written enough, without seeking to pronounce very precisely upon its merits. There is no necessity for putting sign-painters in competition with the exhibitors in the Royal Academy, nor need we complain of a man who only professes to make rhymes because he does not turn out real poetry. We are not, therefore, about to break the *Amulet* upon a wheel, to point out that the author is inferior to Walter Scott in picturesqueness, and to show how far he falls short of De Foe in giving truthfulness to fiction. Still there are some questions which may be fairly asked concerning any author before his book can be justified for existing at all. If a man prefers rat-catching to lion-hunting, we need not complain of his tastes; but we should ask whether he has caught any rats, and whether, in doing so, he has observed the laws of his rather humble sport. In the case of an author, we wish to know whether he has been successful in his aim, and we must sometimes ask the preliminary question whether his aim is one which can in any case be legitimate in literature. And this is, in fact, the main question which is suggested by the *Amulet*. The book is, as we have said, pleasantly written; the style is, on the whole, unaffected and agreeable, and rather above than below the average of novel-writers. But the chief purpose of the writer is not to write a novel at all. He wishes to give us information, or at least to paint a series of pictures illustrating Spanish California. He appears to have become familiar with the southern districts of that country in 1852. The main stream of emigration from the east had, as he tells us, passed further north towards the gold regions. The social characteristics of the population were little changed. The people were mainly devoted to cattle-breeding; the proprietors were Spaniards or Mexicans; and their labourers were pure or half-caste Indians. A few Americans, and emigrants of European origin, were scattered amongst them. It is plain that much that is interesting might be found in such a district. The social state of Mexico and the countries which derive their main population from the great Spanish colonies may well be worth knowing, and any one who could throw much light upon it might tell us much that would justify the telling.

* *The Amulet. A Tale of Spanish California.* London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

But the question occurs, whether a novel, or a book formed after the general type of novels, is the right way of conveying the information. The author is attempting a feat which has been frequently attempted before for different purposes. It is in literature what riding two horses is in equitation. It is a pretty enough thing to do, but it is doubtful whether it is likely to be of much use in practical life. A novel is an excellent thing when it is a good one; so is a guide-book, or a book of travels, under the same condition. But when a man has one eye fixed upon the best means of describing a country, and the other upon the best means of telling his story, he is apt to stumble very awkwardly.

The experiment, however, has been made so often that there is evidently something very tempting about it; there must be some plausible grounds for anticipating success, or so many eminent writers would not have been seduced into an apparently hopeless undertaking. In fact, we are inclined to think that, although the experiment generally produces a spurious form of literature, it is not radically absurd. The feat may be performed, if the author properly appreciates the conditions of success. It may, perhaps, be possible to produce hybrids between different varieties of literary art which shall be as vigorous as either of their progenitors. Some branches, indeed, are so dissimilar that it is totally impossible to graft one upon the other. There is scarcely any system of crossing which has not been tried in the case of novels. Certain ingenious authors have tried to cross them with scientific treatises. The result is those abortive works which used to be the terror of our infancy. Chemistry, or mathematics, or political economy was supposed to be made lively by being conveyed through the mouths of imaginary instructors. There was a dear boy, named Frank, who took the opportunity of tea being introduced to ask his father what were the constituent parts of sugar, or who found his affectionate parent settling a bill, and begged him to explain in two words the system of double entry; and there was the little girl who listened to her mother's popular explanation of the Solar System, or the Differential Calculus, or Mr. Malthus's theory of population, and began her answer with—"But, Mamma, an objection occurs." It is true that such dreary attempts to make the Rule of Three go down smoothly by administering it in a weak decoction of novel have never got beyond tormenting children. They made us loathe science and fiction equally at an early age; but they have now, we would fain hope, become extinct. A more promising and, therefore, commoner experiment consists in crossing novels with sermons. Thence resulted the horrid brood of literary monsters which commenced with *Caleb in Search of a Wife*—the very dreariest, as we believe, of all past, present, or future attempts at combining amusement with instruction, and not to be read even in a country inn on a wet day, with no society, and ten miles from a railway station—and which has lately shown symptoms, as hybrid races generally do, of returning entirely to the type of one of its ancestors—namely, to the novel pure and simple. From this last aberration we get the highly objectionable breed of novels with a purpose—books apparently intended to prove that you ought not to marry your deceased wife's sister, or that if you take to drinking, or to Puseyism, or to Sabbath-breaking, or some pet aversion of the author's, you will probably be locked up by mistake and starved to death in a cellar, or meet with some similar improving catastrophe. Another experiment, which is now almost extinct, was the cross between novels and political pamphlets. *Caleb Williams* is one of the best of these, and is certainly a more favourable specimen than could have been hoped, owing to the doctrine intended having been pretty nearly absorbed in the novel. Coming to rather more promising attempts, we have the historical novel. We would not say peremptorily that all historical novels are necessarily bad, although nine-tenths of them certainly are; for a good deal depends upon the history with which the novel is allied. Thus, at one end of the scale, we have those thoroughly detestable works which seem to have resulted from emptying a dictionary of antiquities into a mass of incongruous fiction, and, at the other, such books as *Waverley*, if indeed *Waverley* is not placed at a time too near the author to be fairly called an historical novel. And, to go no further, we have the novels of which the *Amulet* is a specimen—those which are more or less strongly seasoned with purely local description.

Now the great objection to any such attempt is obvious. A man who is producing a work of art, of any kind, should be encumbered by no irrelevant aims. He should be able to concentrate his attention exclusively upon producing the most striking effect to which his talents are equal. If, in addition to satisfying the other requirements of his art, he is compelled to turn aside and preach, or lecture, or give statistics, he has a task to which no one man can be equal. He might as well be at once making a speech and balancing a pole on his chin; neither the speech nor the acrobatic feat could be done well with merely half his energy. When the speech required him to gesticulate, the pole would compel him to stand still. And this leads to the single condition which can justify such attempts under any circumstances. It is possible that in some rare cases the two aims may be so blended as to require exactly the same exertions. When an historical novelist is sufficiently imbued with a knowledge of the period described (if that be ever possible) to write as freely of it as he would in describing his own time, every improvement to the novel is an improvement to the history. If the appropriate language and scenery occur spontaneously to his mind, instead of diverting his attention and requiring distinct labour, he might really rival contemporary writers; to the charm of a good novel

he would add a charm generally confined to memoirs and collections of letters—that of unconsciously displaying the manners and customs of the time. But it wants a combination of very high art and very profound learning to counterfeit such unconsciousness. Even in the ablest historical romances, we are generally sensible that the writer is trying to hook little illustrative anecdotes on to his story, and to fit it out with such scraps of antiquarian furniture as he has by him; he is going out of his way to pick them up, instead of incidentally coming across them in his direct path. Novelists whose chief aim is local description have an easier problem to solve, because they may have acquired their materials by personal experience, and may at any rate be full of matter. But it is essential that they should keep their descriptions in due subordination to the story proper. If they allow their fictitious hero to walk about in California, or any other place with which they are well acquainted, and permit him to meet with such adventures as the situation suggests, he will be certain to stumble upon illustrative incidents in abundance; and the less evident it is made that such incidents are introduced because they are illustrative, the better it will be for the book. Fenimore Cooper's novels are a fair example, as describing life in the American backwoods. So far as Cooper's powers enabled him to do it, he made a very fair portrait of the trapper and the Red Indian, though the desire of displaying his knowledge often led him into irrelevant episodes. The author of the *Amulet* has more decidedly fallen between two stools; he has either too great a contempt for his own story, or not contempt enough. If it was worth telling at all, it was worth telling better. He puts it together in the flimsiest and most careless manner, scarcely taking the trouble to introduce the characters to us, or to make out their relations to each other sufficiently for the necessary work of the plot. He described a singularly beautiful and attractive young lady in the first page of the story, because, as he candidly informs us, he thinks we should never be able to read the book without a beautiful and attractive young lady. We must confess to have read it rather in spite of the heroine than on account of her. She is such a mere peg to hang anecdotes on, and has so singularly few characteristics not shared by heroines in all parts of the world, that we soon found her rather a bore. The author has, for example, to describe a fight with a grizzly bear, and another with a puma; a grizzly bear being as essential to a book of American adventures as the three frogs to a popular lecture on Prophecy, and the puma being required to give the proper local colouring of the particular district. Now there is an obvious excuse for introducing the puma—namely, that the heroine has thoughtlessly begged the hero to get her a cub; it being one of the principal duties of heroines to get heroes into scrapes, and this being about the most direct and in-artificial way in which it can be done. When the bear-fight is wanted, this simple pretext having been exhausted, the author can only connect it with his plot by trying the reverse plan; accordingly the hero shoots the bear, because he has promised the heroine not to shoot it. We are very willing to read accounts of bear-fights for the thousand-and-first time if, like this particular bear-fight, they are narrated with a fair amount of descriptive power; but we rather resent the fictitious heroine whose love-story is a mere excuse for stringing together bear-fights, puma-fights, rows with Yankee horse-thieves, and remarks about cattle-breeding. Why not, as we have said, leave out the lady altogether, and give us a genuine book of travels? or, if the author will have a fiction, why not give it a little more substance and colouring? We should then be glad of additional information as to characters which are at present too flimsy to bear much examination. We should like to know whether the Mexicans described are meant for typical examples of their countrymen; their manners appear to be so polished, their language so refined, and their sense of honour so punctilious, that we scarcely believe in them. The author has probably taken too little pains to bring the reality before us; he is, we suspect, content with conventional descriptions, which are to the reality what Swiss peasants in an opera are to the peasant of Bern or the Valais. But the whole account is so slight that we can hardly tell whether this effect is intentional or the result of mere carelessness. The book is thus rather a provoking one; there is enough fiction to make us suspect the facts, and enough statement of fact to throw the fiction out of gear. The result is an indistinct and unsatisfactory performance, which is apparently—to judge from many passages—unworthy of the author's real merit.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES.*

WHEN Professor Plumptre bethought himself of translating Sophocles, it was a sound instinct which led him to an unoccupied field and a subject worthy of his labours. Potter and Franklin, who have gone before him over the same ground, are, at their best, commonplace versifiers, and, as translators, far too loose and vague to satisfy modern scholarship. In reading a chorus from the latter, one pauses to wonder how he could ever have slid into a chair which afterwards held the acute Dobree and the critically sagacious Porson; for his chief art seems to lie in steering quite clear, in his English version, of all contact with the Greek which he professes to render. And Potter is scarcely so good in his Sophocles as in his *Æschylus*; though, even if he were, that would be no reasonable discouragement to a

* *The Tragedies of Sophocles; a New Translation, with a Biographical Essay.* By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. 2 vols. London: Strahan. 1865.

just ambition on the part of modern scholarship to eclipse him. Dale's version, which we have not seen, has not the reputation of being either better or worse than these, and probably holds fast a decent mediocrity. Beside these there is none to stand in Mr. Plumptre's way, unless we deem Donaldson's version of the *Antigone* in some measure an attempt to show the more accurate views of translation which prevail in our age as compared with those of past times. But, like Conington's *Agamemnon*, it is designed to serve a mixed purpose—the elucidation of the Greek text and sense, and a help to students in a close English-verse counterpart. Accordingly, it is hardly to be regarded as a remarkable effort of poetry, though, in point of accurate translation, it might teach a thing or two to would-be translators. So much for the clear field of which Mr. Plumptre has taken possession, while of the excellences of the poet he has selected for reproduction in English too much cannot be said. No ancient classic can be a better study for modern poetic aspirants than Sophocles. Though, unlike Homer and Æschylus, he is the very reverse of direct and simple—being rather studied, not to say involved, in his sentences and diction—yet it is the best possible training in the “art of poetry” to think out and unravel some of the graceful skeins of complicated speech which this second of Greek tragedians twines around thoughts that would fall flat enough if enunciated in mere prosaic fashion. We are inclined to think that a very excellent discipline for young poetical aspirants might be found in a minute study of Sophocles, than whom no ancient poet teaches more valuable lessons of dignity, self-possession, reverence, and sobriety of character, or shows a profounder insight into the workings of the human heart. Mr. Plumptre has somewhat recently given indications of a not unwarrantable ambition to add another name to the list of competitors, among his contemporaries, for the wreath of original poetry; and having met with sufficient encouragement, we should imagine, to impel him to climb another and another round of the ladder, he does wisely in strengthening his steps by intermediate practice upon Sophocles, and by that fruitful study of a great master of antiquity which we have always maintained to be generally necessary to poetic excellence.

But while we cannot doubt that in this translation he has been engaged in a very beneficial exercise for himself, we must not forget that our province is to gauge the benefit which it is likely to confer on the public. There is much in Professor Plumptre's English Sophocles which satisfies a high critical standard. The general execution of it is very good, and it has the rare merit of being almost a line-for-line version. We dissent, indeed, from his judgment and practice as regards the translation of choral odes into unrhymed metres, nor can we see any justifiable middle course between the rhyming periods of English Pindarics and the strict imitation, if we are to abandon rhyme, of the original metres. The latter course would be simply abominable, but the feasibility of the former has been successfully illustrated by the beautiful choruses of Mr. Anstice. Still we are quite ready to admit that, out of the very difficult task of forcing unrhymed strophes and antistrophes upon an English ear, Mr. Plumptre has come forth with more success than we could have anticipated. He is not wanting in a correct ear to guide him in reproducing as nearly as may be the impressions produced by the tone and structure of the Greek; and he has a certain fearlessness which prompts him to consult the interests of true poetry by giving, where he can, the very counterparts of striking Greek words, figures, and phrases, which some would shrink, for fear of novelty, from reproducing exactly, and would attempt to render by feeble periphrasis. There is a boldness, for example, in rendering *ὄσα πανουργήσασα* in *Antig.* 74, “guilty of holiest crimes,” and *σπαράγματα πύργων* (*ibid.* 122), “our crown of towers,” of which it might be easy to multiply instances. And the practice corresponding in translation to “calling a spade a spade”—i.e. the not being afraid to give the English equivalents of the bolder expressions of the Greek or Latin—cannot be too much commended as tending to add exotic beauties to our poetic literature. But to give a fair notion of Mr. Plumptre's work, it will be advisable to single out one or two extracts, as well from the choral odes as from the iambics. Perhaps one of the best sample passages of the latter class is his version of Deianira's account of how she has discovered the existence of poison in the fatal ointment of the Centaur. It is a not very easy passage of a not very easy play, the *Trachiniae*, and it will be seen that it is translated with truthful exactness (*Trach.* 688-706. Engl. Tr. vol. ii. p. 103):—

Thus I did;
And now the time to act was come, I spread it,
Within the house, in secret, with a lock
Of fleecy wool from off mine own sheep cut;
And then I folded it, and placed it safe,
Untouched by sunlight, in a hollow chest,
The gift, as ye have seen. And now, within
Adventuring, I beheld a marvel, strange
To tell, unparalleled in human ken,
For I, by chance, had flung the wisp of wool,
In full broad sunshine. Then as it grew hot
It melts away, and soaks into the earth,
In look most like the dust the saw has shed
Where men work timber; on the ground it lay,
And from the earth where it had lain, there oozed
Thick clots of foam, as when in vintage bright,
Rich must is poured upon the earth from vine
Sacred to Bacchus; and I know not now
Which way of thought to turn, but see too well
That I have done a deed most perilous.

This is very close; and a shorter specimen of neatness in trans-

lation may be found in the rendering of the two following lines from the same play, in which the heroine ironically expresses her indignation at Hercules for sending home the preferred Iole:—

τοῖδ' Ἑρακλῆς,
ὁ πιστὸς ἡμῖν κάγαθος καλούμενος.—540-2.
Such is the meed of all my care of home
That Hercules, whom men call true and good,
Hath sent to me for all my years of toil.—Vol. II. p. 97.

Nor does the following scrap from the *Edipus Coloneus* give at all a bad idea of what translation should be. The use of the epithet “time-worn,” as applicable, like *γέρων*, alike to man and garb, is very happy:—

ἰσότην σὺν τοιᾷδε, τῆς ὁ δυσκόλη
γέρων γέροντι συγκαταφάσκων πόνος,
πλευρὰν μαρναίνων, κρατὶ δ' ὀμμαστότερι
κομῇ δ' αἵρας ἀκνιστὸς ᾄσεται.—*Ed.* C. 1258-61.
And this his garb, whose time-worn raggedness
Matches the time-worn face, and makes the form
All foul to look on; and his uncombed hair,
Tossed by the breeze, falls o'er his sightless brow.—Vol. I. p. 124.

We must refrain from further quotation of iambics, and can only refer to the guard's account of Antigone's capture (*Antig.* 407-40), to the speech of *Edipus* to *Theseus* (*Ed.* Col. 607-28), to the scene in the *Ajar* where the hero apostrophizes his infant Eurysakes, and to the sword scene in the same play, as instances in which the dignity and force of the original have been preserved in pure and classical English. Of choruses, we should like to transcribe the version of the famous *εὐπίπτον, εἶνε, κ.τ.λ.* from *Ed.* Col. 668-719; but readers will be sure to hunt it out for themselves. Let it suffice to say that its poetical rendering goes some way towards disabusing us of a rooted prejudice against unrhyming metres. We give in preference the first antistrophe of the first chorus in the *Antigone*, to which the same remark will apply:—

Antig. 117-33. στάς δ' ὑπὲρ μελάρων—ἀλολάσαι.
He stood above our towers,
Circling, with blood-stained spears,
The portals of our gates;
He went, before he filled
His jaws with blood of men,
Before Hephaestus with his pitchy flame
Had seized our crown of towers.
So loud the battle din that Ares loves,
Was raised around his rear,
A conflict hard and stiff,
E'en for his dragon foe.
For breath of haughty speech
Zeus hateth evermore exceedingly;
And seeing them advance,
Exulting in the clang of golden arms,
With brandished fire he hurls them headlong down,
In act, upon the topmost battlement
Rushing, with eager step,
To shout out “Victory!”—Vol. I. p. 154.

The only complaint we have to make here is that, with a tendency to omission not unfrequent in this translation, πολλὰ *ῥέματα*, in v. 129, is left untranslated. We may cite *Antig.* 340, *ἰππικὴ γίνεαι πολέων;* *Trach.* 150, *ἦτοι πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἢ τέκνων φοβουμένη;* *Ibid.* 525, *ἦν δὲ μετὰ πῶν δόοντα πλήγματα*, as rather important lines or clauses which, by inadvertence we suppose, are ignored in this version. On another chorus of the *Antigone* we must linger just long enough to point out what seems to us an unsatisfactory rendering of its opening lines (332-3):—

πολλὰ *ῥά* *δαιμό* *κοῖδιν* *ἀν-*
θρώπου *δυνώτερον* *πίλει.*
Many the forms of life,
Fearful and strange to see,
But man supreme stands out,
For strangeness and for fear.—Vol. I. p. 163.

Now here the Scholiast gives the obvious meaning of *δαιμό*, *δυνώτερον*, when he interprets them *σοφά, σοφώτερον*. We never heard a doubt about it. That *δαιμό* primarily involves the idea of fear (*διδος*) is admitted, but in the dramatists the sense of *power* and *cleverness* is that most often implied by it. Here the context settles the meaning beyond a question. Franklin saw this, and translated:—

But passing all in wisdom and in art
Superior shines inventive man.

Anstice renders the lines soundly, if paraphrastically:—

Many a wile hath nature taught
By instinct's secret call,
But man with sovereign reason fraught
In cunning passes all.

And Donaldson pursues a safe course in avoiding either extreme:—

Many the things that mighty be,
And nought is mightier than—Man.

The might, in fact, attributed to man is the result of the cunning, wisdom, art, and inventiveness which have more to do with the sense of *δαιμό* here than the “fearfulness and strangeness” which sound like importations from other literature. In the main, however, Mr. Plumptre's choruses are translated with skill and care, and he is evidently gifted with a poetic perception which tells him how much may be done by a happy boldness in reproducing in English Greek phrases of singular and pregnant beauty.

In truth, we are inclined to rate Mr. Plumptre's English higher than his Greek, which may possibly be owing to his having of late years been more conversant with the classics of his own language.

His modest conclusion to his preface disarms any undue severity of criticism; yet we cannot but notice one or two graver slips of mistranslation which blemish a work that might else take foremost rank in its class. Thus, where in *Æd. Col.* 560-1, Theseus says to *Œdipus*—

διὸν γὰρ τιν' ἀν πρᾶν τύχῃ
λίξας ὁποιᾶς ἐλασσοταμὴν ἰγύ.

there can be no doubt that the sense is, "It would be some heavy task indeed you would mention that I should shrink from." But this sentence Mr. Plumptre mistranslates:—

How dread so'er the suffering that thou tell'st,
I too might know it.

We cannot help suspecting that the translator has here confused *ἐλασσοταμὴν* with the optative of *ἐπισταμαι*. Again, in *Antigone* 686, occurs a graver mistake, and one which scholars cannot fail to detect. He renders

οὐτ' ἀν δυνάμην μὴ' ἐπισταμὴν λέγειν.
Nor dare I say nor prove that what thou say'st
Is aught but right;

utterly ignoring the peculiar force which the particle *μή* gives to the second clause of the sentence. As Linwood puts it, in a brief and intelligible Latin note, "Quid inter οὐτ' ἀν δυνάμην et μὴ' ἐπισταμὴν intercedat, bene ex hoc loco percipient *tirones*. Hoc scilicet *ἐπισταμὴν*, illud *potentiale est*." If the translator will accept the hint designed for the *tiro*, he will find the correct version of the line something of this sort:—"Neither can I say, nor may I ever know how to say, that you are wrong in these statements." Passing over the mistranslation in the same play (v. 754) of *ἐλάων φρονέουσιν*, "To thy cost thou shalt learn wisdom"—where Liddell and Scott would have shown that the verb is active, and that the words mean "To thy cost thou wilt school me"—we turn to a singularly unfortunate complication of blunders in a couple of lines of the *Trachiniae* (765-6):—

ὅπως δὲ σμνῶν ὀργίων ἰδαίετο
φλόξ αἵματ' ἄρ' ἐκδο πύρας ὀνόος.

These Mr. Plumptre's evil genius has permitted him to translate after this fashion:—

And when the blood-red flame from resinous pine
Began to feed upon the holy things.

Here he apparently fails, in the first place, to see that, by a common Greek construction (instances of which occur in *Æd. T.* 734, and *Electra*, 752, of which last he has missed the force), the preposition *ἀπὸ* in the second line belongs as much to *ὀργίων* as to *ὀνόος*. Worse still, however, he seems to have mistaken the passive imperfect *ἰδαίετο* for the imperfect middle of the verb *δαίνωμι*, "to feast"—namely, *ἰδαίνωτο*, which occurs in v. 771. Had he not run against these very easily-avoided rocks, he would have rendered the lines as they should be rendered—"And when the blood-red flame was kindled from the holy sacrifices and the resinous pine;" and he would have seen, also, that in the line of the *Electra* (752)—

φορούμενος πρὸς οὐδας, ἄλλοτ' οὐρανῷ
σεῖλη προφαίνων,

the proper English is—"One while borne down to the ground, at another tilted up (displaying his limbs) in air"; and not

Dragged to the ground, now this limb and now that
To heaven exposing;

because *ἄλλοτ'* belongs as much to *φορούμενος* as to *προφαίνων*.

Professor Plumptre must not think us insensible to the good points of his Sophocles because we indicate blemishes which we are happy to think are separable from it on revision and in re-edition. His biographical essay is a distinctive feature of this work, and is particularly valuable for its elaborate notice of the parallelisms between the contemporaries, Sophocles and Herodotus—a subject broached by Donaldson in a Philological Society paper. One of the coincidences cited (see p. lvi.) is perhaps questionable, inasmuch as many commentators consider *Antigone* 909-12 an interpolation. Be this, however, as it may, the subject is very fascinating, as is the discussion which relates to the moral and religious teaching of one of the most genuine "schoolmasters to bring men to Christ" that heathen literature can boast. The treatment of each topic is sound and judicious. We are indebted, too, to Mr. Plumptre for what is, we believe, a novelty—a translation of the fragments. We have said enough to show our high opinion of the general merits of this version, which is indeed a vast improvement upon its predecessors. To general readers it will give a truer insight than any previous translation has done into the mind and spirit of Sophocles; and if, here and there, a blot such as we have pointed out should for the moment mar the satisfaction of the scholar, it must be remembered that, whereas earlier translators have hidden casual ignorance by shirking difficulties of construction and vaguely keeping wide of the literal interpretation, Professor Plumptre is invariably honest in his handling of the text, and, wherever he chances to blunder, blunders manfully and openly.

LITERARY HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

THE two large volumes of which M. Victor le Clerc and M. Ernest Renan are the joint authors suggest some reflections on the literary service which may be rendered by such

* *Histoire Littéraire de la France.* Par Victor le Clerc and Ernest Renan. Paris: Lévy. 1865.

bodies as the Institute of France. Even those who might feel disposed to qualify Professor Matthew Arnold's eulogy on the influence of Academies may allow that such an undertaking as the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* could scarcely have been continued on a uniform plan except under academical auspices. It was commenced in 1733, with the authority of the French Academy, by M. Antoine Rivet, who was assisted by colleagues. The work had been carried to the middle of the twelfth century, when, for some unexplained reason, it was temporarily abandoned. In 1824, M. Daunou was commissioned by the Academy to continue the history, which he brought to the close of the thirteenth century. After another long pause, M. Victor le Clerc, in 1842, received the honourable charge of resuming the annals; and subsequently the special department of the Fine Arts was committed to M. Ernest Renan. The results of twenty-three years' study on the part of M. le Clerc, and of researches, on the part of his colleague, which even the Syrian monuments of the Crusades did not escape, are presented in two exhaustive essays, which bring the great work down to the end of the fourteenth century. The diligence of the writers is not the less admirable because the period to which their labours have been given is not a brilliant one in the history of French literature and art. The fourteenth century, in France, is without the chivalrous inspirations which sustained a romantic poetry in the twelfth and thirteenth; and if it is prolific in prose, there is scarcely a single work of merit sufficiently eminent to claim distinction amid the mass of political and controversial pamphlets. Independently, however, of its actual productions, the century has other aspects in which its historian finds the interest which rewards his labours. It was the battle-ground of the French Kings and the Popes. Within its limits was wrought the deliverance of the French laity from an ecclesiastical despotism which had invaded civil rights, and imposed oppressive laws on every province of human thought. The fourteenth century was also the battle-ground of the feudal aristocracy and the Third Estate. The same age which saw the State emancipated from the tutelage of an imperious Church saw a middle class emerge from serfdom to the barons. The twofold slavery had been too degrading, too deadening to heart and spirit, to leave much inspiration for the songs of the double deliverance; and it might seem at first sight as if these triumphs, so beneficial in the sequel, had done little to stimulate the thought or elevate the taste of the generation which achieved them. Yet, if we listen attentively to the controversies with which the age resounds, we shall at least perceive that the voice of civil and intellectual liberty becomes more musical as it rises into more commanding tones, and that the victory brought out a vigour and a freshness in the rude literature and the debased schools of art which may serve to mark, if not to ennoble, the crisis from which modern society has issued.

In approaching his task, M. le Clerc takes a survey of the two powers which, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, were in obstinate though unequal conflict. The age of absolute submission to the Holy See had been over for three reigns. Philip Augustus, who died in 1223, had set the example of resisting undue interference; the short reign of his son had allowed a manifestation of the same spirit; and the piety for which Louis IX. was canonized had been by no means blind. But it remained for Philip IV. to declare open war, and to prosecute it with vigour. Boniface VIII., who had made the father a saint, compared the son, by a wretched pun on the King's surname, to the idol Bel. But even such amenities as these failed the passive successors to whom Boniface VIII. bequeathed the quarrel. During a period of seventy-five years—a period which the Italian Church has always spoken of as a captivity—six successive Popes resided at Avignon, within the dominions and under the immediate protection of a Power which always found them obsequious. The ensuing scandal of the Papal schism, when Urban VI. and Boniface IX. at Rome were the declared rivals of Clement VII. and Benedict XIII. at Avignon, lowered still more the prestige of the Pontificate. And if the successors of St. Peter were ill fitted to maintain their own authority, the vast army by which the Holy See was professedly served was already distrusted by its employers. The numbers of the regular clergy had enormously increased in recent times. In the case of the Benedictines, whose traditions prescribed study and seclusion, the general growth was less noticeable. But the Augustine order, who understood the sermons of *Vid Communi* as warranting them to be turbulent politicians, had founded five new sects. Innocent III. had with some hesitation incorporated the new order of the Franciscans; and within four years from their foundation the number of brethren at one of their chapters general was thirty thousand. It was in the Franciscan order, and in the equally recent order of the Dominicans, that the real strength of the Pope's army of regulars had till now resided. But the very maxims with which they were sent forth to propagate the empire of the Pontiff tended to foster in them the ambition of independence; and with their formidable numbers, the various regular orders had become so many separate republics, at feud with each other, and often menacing the Holy See. The Dominicans were the least unstable in their loyalty. M. le Clerc has well described the character of that haughty and overbearing order, who exerted the double powers of the secular arm and of their own learning to impose the iron yoke of their Church on every movement of the human mind. We think, indeed, that M. le Clerc is far too lenient in his estimate of the general influence which the Dominicans exerted on the literature of their day; but he points out with admirable clearness how one of the

chief forms of their activity—the Inquisition, which was always a Dominican establishment—tended to pervert the moral sense of the nation:—

Quand on lit aujourd'hui ce code et les sentences qu'il a dictées, on ne peut s'empêcher de croire que de tels juges, quand même ils n'eussent point fait la guerre aux travaux de l'esprit, devaient nuire à l'intelligence, et que ce n'était pas sans danger pour la conscience publique, et, par suite, pour les œuvres littéraires, qu'un tribunal ne cessait de rendre des arrêts où les simples notions de la justice humaine étaient contredites par une prétendue justice divine—où des gens étaient condamnés pour avoir payé leurs dettes à des créanciers suspects d'hérésie; une sœur, pour avoir donné à manger à son frère qui mourait de faim; une jeune fille de quinze ans, pour n'avoir pas dénoncé son père et sa mère.

Regarding the removal of the Papal seat to Avignon from a secular and merely French point of view, M. le Clerc points out the æsthetic influences brought to bear on the people by the presence among them of such a Court as that of the Supreme Pontiff. The evils, for the Catholic world, of Philip IV.'s bold and selfish policy are confessedly ignored; but, taken within its special scope, the passage is forcible:—

Nous ferons seulement ressortir ici, en laissant de côté la politique et ses combinaisons, quelle influence ont dû avoir, au bout de quelque temps, pour la culture et la maturité des esprits, chez un peuple alors abattu par l'adversité, mais toujours en progrès depuis deux cents ans, le spectacle ou le souvenir de ce pouvoir presque divin, qui, de tous les points du monde, appelait à lui, comme à un centre commun, les nations les plus lointaines, les plus diverses de mœurs et de langage; une cour délicate et somptueuse, qui la première, avant les grandes cours profanes, embellit et anima de la société des femmes, à l'exemple de Clément VI, la pompe de ses cérémonies et l'élégance de ses fêtes; la réunion de tous ces descendants des anciennes familles italiennes, amis et protecteurs des arts, qui naturalisaient sur notre sol, outre les procédés de plusieurs industries et le système d'irrigation des plaines lombardes, les palais superbes, les riches maisons de plaisance, et se consolait de l'exil où la papauté les entraînait avec elle, par une image encore brillante des magnificences de Rome.

But the great intellectual influence of the age was, beyond doubt, the universal reaction throughout Europe against feudalism. In England, it had found expression in the popular discontents of Richard II.'s reign. In Italy, it placed Michael Lando, the wool-carder, in power at Florence; in Germany, it inspired imitators of William Tell; and in France, it made a linen-draper King at Rouen. But in France alone, supported by the Crown, it obtained solid results. Philip IV. met the bourgeoisie more than half way, and did his utmost to establish a counterpoise to the power of the barons. It was in his reign that the Parliament of France first held regular Sessions as a High Court of Appeal from the seigniorial jurisdiction. In the same reign the States-General were convened for the first time, and the bourgeoisie in 1302 first shared the counsels of the clergy and the nobles. Meanwhile, a middle-class was growing in the large towns; but the development of this idea was slow and difficult in a country where the right of conquest had left such deep traces. A speaker in the assembly of the States-General could still venture, in 1614, to use the insolent comparison in which the aristocracy and the people are respectively *le maître et le valet*. Feudal reactions were perpetually recurring in France. The aristocracy was held in check with constant success by Philip IV., and with more variable success by his three sons. Reviving under Philip of Valois, it was again repressed by Charles V. The troubles of his successor's reign encouraged the nobles even to take precedence of the prelates on the bench of justice and in the council. Once more the aristocracy submitted to the Ministers of Charles VII. and Louis XI.; and at length, after an attempt to regain power during the civil wars, it was finally crushed by Richelieu.

In the history of the French Universities at this period M. le Clerc traces the leading idea of the age—the development of the Third Estate. We must confess that here, for once, he appears to us to have indulged in a rather fanciful theory. From the nature of the case, the atmosphere of a university must at all times be, in a certain sense, republican; and just for that reason, the epochs of democratic feeling in a country are less distinctly marked in the tone of its universities than in the tone of its legislature or of its assemblies. During the first half of the fourteenth century the University of Paris was employed chiefly with questions of doctrine; during the latter half it was prominent and active in politics. M. le Clerc ascribes this ascendancy to the fact that the constitution of the University illustrated the grand principle of equality, of which the age was enamoured. But even assuming the University to have been organized on a model which would have satisfied the democratic sentiment of the day, is it not simpler to suppose that the University had become more important in the State, not because it seemed an ideal miniature republic, but because it had actually grown in numbers and material resources? Indirectly, no doubt, that growth was due to the democratic movement. The love of letters had from the first associated itself with the cause of the people. In Italy, the tendency had shown itself in the honours awarded to illustrious writers. Alboin of Verona had offered Dante his first asylum—"Lo primo rifugio, e 'l primo ostello." Three viscounts of Milan had successively loaded Petrarch with their favours; and Boccaccio had found a magnificent home at Naples. In France, the same tendency had led to the foundation of twenty-four colleges at Paris between the years 1302 and 1354. We know that before the end of the following century the University of Paris could number three hundred thousand students—i.e. more than all the Universities of Italy put together; and already, when its members walked in procession at the great ceremonies, the Rector entered St. Denis before the last of the long train had left the College of St. Mathurin near the Sorbonne. Is it necessary to press

the analogy between the competitive system and a republican government, in order to explain why such a body as the University of Paris had received an access of power not more than proportionate to its increase in size and wealth?

With respect to scholastic studies, it is characteristic of the age that the Faculty of Arts at length begins to hold its own against the Faculty of Theology. The latter is still predominant, but it is no longer sovereign. The old ecclesiastical school of culture, of which Latin was still the only expression, is conscious of decline, but battles on, supported by the prestige of centuries. The new culture, more at ease in the vernacular tongue, more human and more accessible, advances under difficulties and with the timidity of a recent origin—encouraged at the same time by a reception which might well inspire confidence in its destiny. The study of languages is making way, though still impeded at every step by theological prejudice. Forensic and political oratory is struggling to free itself from the trammels of the theory that the art of eloquence is the art of preaching. The decline of poetry, meanwhile, is proving that the spirit of satire, as an inspiration, is a bad substitute for the romance of chivalry and love. But amid all the troubles and difficulties of the age an important advantage has been gained in the province of art. Speaking of "la naissance d'un art profane," M. Ernest Renan says:—

Tous les arts, au moyen âge, en France, furent inspirés par le sentiment religieux. L'architecture, jusqu'au début du siècle qui nous occupe, avait déployé ses efforts les plus féconds dans la construction des églises et des monastères. La peinture et la sculpture n'avaient guère traité que des sujets sacrés. La musique elle-même, qui, par sa nature, a toujours été liée aux joies de la vie, n'avait inspiré en dehors du culte que des rythmes populaires. . . . Un souffle du midi, un rayon d'élégance et de gaieté, vinrent amollir ces rudes natures qui, depuis tant de siècles, n'avaient connu que les émotions de la guerre et de la religion.

Art can never reach an exquisite perfection while it is exclusively appropriated by the devotional sentiment. Constantly employed on ideal forms, in portraying which it is subject to dogma and tradition, religious art is too apt to lose truth and correctness of design. Profane art, standing closer to real life and unshackled by prescription, has a better chance of avoiding conventionality and producing thorough and conscientious work. Perhaps taste was never more degraded than at the end of the fourteenth century in France; but undoubtedly a great step had been taken—a science of painting and of sculpture had become possible. In this point of view, M. Renan's Essay will be studied with interest by lovers of art. The chapter on miniature painting, as applied to the illumination of manuscripts, is curious as showing how the unrivalled excellence of French artists in that department was contemporary with a wretched school in "la grande peinture." Where there is scarcely a name deserving of particular mention; we perhaps do not lose much by M. Renan's plan of noticing only such artists as were also writers on art. But, as a device for keeping the Essay on the Fine Arts in harmony with the Literary History, this method strikes us as being somewhat arbitrary. If the history of the Fine Arts is to be traced at all, surely the persons who figure in it should be mentioned for what they did with the brush or the chisel, rather than for what they may have happened to do with the pen.

THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND.*

THE Rev. Harry Jones is, by his own account, "Incumbent"—a euphemism, we suppose, for Perpetual Curate—of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, Soho. "We" of St. Luke's have "our Reading-Room" and "our Institute"; whether they are the same thing or two, the Incumbent does not tell us. But at one or both of them the Incumbent lectures, or, in his own phrase, "uses his Journals in lectures," in which the "Trips" themselves which are recorded in the Journals are made, by an appropriate professional metaphor, to "do duty." These Lectures, it seems, in their next stage, are printed in the *Leisure Hour*, and in their final development they grow into a book. Now we are in a gross state of ignorance. We know nothing of Mr. Jones, nothing of St. Luke's and its Institute, nothing of the *Leisure Hour*, except what Mr. Jones is good enough to tell us. On this showing we must award to him the prize of being a clerical jester of the first order. The frequenters of the St. Luke's Institute may be amused and, for aught we know, edified by the funniness of their pastor; if so, we have no more wish to interfere with their recreation than to interfere with the votaries of Mr. Spurgeon in theirs. Nor are we greatly concerned as to what may be printed in the *Leisure Hour*, though, when a thing gets into print in any shape, it is certainly one degree more serious. But when Mr. Jones thrusts himself and his Trips upon the world in the shape of a book, he throws himself within our undoubted jurisdiction, and he must take the consequences.

The proverb says that it is good to be merry and wise, and against any merriment which comes under that head we have not a word to say; but is there any wisdom in the merriment of the Rev. Harry Jones? Let the impartial reader judge. Take the following paragraph, which is the very first in the book:—

I didn't go; I was taken, and it came about thus. For some months I had been much engaged; and though anxious work has pleasures which the idler may envy, but can never enjoy, it tires the heartiest and strongest at last. I was worn and cross, and fancied myself ill—the worst of maladies. My heart was sick, my food tasteless. The cabs in the street seemed to make

* *The Regular Swiss Round in Three Trips.* By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. London: Alexander Strahan, 1865.

more noise on purpose, while passing my door. I subdued three or four organ-men, by threatening them, in very broken Italian, out of the window. My wife said I wanted a change—as if I didn't know that—so I said to her at the time. One day, while I was unusually worried and snappish, my friend J. happened to call, and mentioned, among other things, that he was going to start for the "Regular Swiss Round" the next day. "Will you come?" he added; "nothing absurd in climbing—no romance—beaten track—procession of cockneys. Will you come?"

My good wife used her opportunity, packed my carpet-bag, and the next evening saw J. and me in the express train, shrieking (I refer to the train) out of the station at London Bridge.

In this style of dreary would-be facetiousness Mr. Jones records three Trips in Switzerland and the neighbourhood, ever and anon scattering passages which suggest that he is capable of something better. That is to say, he ever and anon descends from his tight-rope and condescends to be dull in a straightforward way. We respect Mr. Jones in his dull fits, if only because in his dull fits he is occasionally amusing. When he is dull, he now and then stumbles into blunders which are amusing in themselves, and now and then into bits of sense, which are equally amusing from the force of contrast. The most respectable aspect of Mr. Jones is when he gropes his way to a simple truth by the light of nature, like a Palmerstonian Bishop speculating on the possible final cause of a Chapter-House with fifty stalls. In all these frames of mind Mr. Jones can be endured, and it is to his credit that these endurable intervals are far more common towards the end than towards the beginning of his book. It is only when he is lively that he is altogether intolerable; and his liveliness is much more constant during the earlier part of his rambles.

Mr. Jones, however, seems at least to possess the virtue of self-knowledge; so it is as well to hear his account of himself:—

Mind you, I don't pretend to be a guide at all. While being careful to keep such topical [*sic*] information as I give accurate, I perpetually omit mention of places to which the guide-books devote pages. If you go to Switzerland, you will take Murray, or the *Practical Guide*, or *Bradshaw*, or, best of all, I think, the new book brought out under the auspices of the Alpine Club. In these pages I am only a chattering tourist, going one of the regular rounds, and giving you such impressions as I get by the way.

Mr. Jones here photographs himself with a single touch. In one word he sums up all possible criticism on his performance. He calls himself a chatterer, and a chatterer he is. If he chooses to chatter to his wife, and his friend J., and his friend J.'s wife, and to the St. Luke's Institute into the bargain, far be it from us to throw let or hindrance in his way. But why should he chatter to the world in general? Who cares for all the small adventures, all the little ups and downs and bad jokes and commonplace remarks of himself and his wife, and his friend and his friend's wife? Why treat us to the history of Mr. Jones's carpet-bag and of Mrs. Jones's striped trunk? To the members of the St. Luke's Institute they may possibly be familiar objects; at any rate they are objects consecrated by a close connection with the person of their pastor. Very odd relics are sometimes picked out for reverence. Some years back the female religious world was invited to have its clothes cut out of the same piece of linen—perhaps we are wrong in saying linen, but whatever the substance is—out of which Bishop Alexander's rochet was cut. Now if a vicarious sanctity extended itself from Bishop Alexander to Bishop Alexander's rochet, and from Bishop Alexander's rochet to the piece out of which it was cut, though the Bishop had never seen or handled or thought of the remnant thus left behind, a much greater sanctity may, in the eyes of a faithful attendant at St. Luke's Institute, attach to the carpet-bag which has actually followed the Incumbent of St. Luke's through a Regular Swiss Round in Three Trips. But to the world in general, neither Mr. Jones's carpet-bag nor Mrs. Jones's trunk is clothed with the slightest interest. Relics of this sort have only a local value; it is a pity to obtrude them on a world unaccustomed to worship at the local shrine.

This is the sort of way in which Mr. Jones tells his travels. He goes into Strasburg Minister and admires it very much. While he is thus musing, a beadle asks if he wishes to see the clock:—

Down fell the whole fabric of my thought—the beadle levelled it with a touch—I was a mere excursionist, and represented a "tip." A plague on the clock! May it be unwound for ages; may it be gritty and sticky with old oil; may earwigs get into its tenderest vitals, and rot consume its catgut! The cathedral being suddenly demolished, I was led passively to see the clock.

Which is silliest—to talk in this way, or to talk, a page or two on, of "coming *pop* on a magnificent Swiss view over the Jura?" Once in Switzerland Mr. Jones comes pop on a little philology and politics. "There are three distinct languages—German, French, and Italian; besides strong dialects, which are horrible mixtures of them all." What these "strong dialects" are we cannot guess; natural Provençal and natural Swabian, as distinguished from their high-polite supplanter, may, for ought we know, "be strong dialects," but does any man, even in the St. Luke's Institute, fancy that either of them is a "horrible mixture" of German, French, and Italian? Later in the day, in the Third Trip, Mr. Jones gets among the Grey Leagues, and is seized with an historical fit. He exhorts everybody to study the history of that part of the world—a thing, let us tell him, sooner said than done. The history of the Leagues is a very tough mouthful indeed, and if Mr. Jones has swallowed it, he ought really to make some serious use of his probably unique knowledge. His description, however, of the language makes us doubtful as to the depth of his history. The Bündner, he tells us "retain to this day a separate language—Romansch, seamed with Roman military roads." A language seamed with roads is really beyond us; we have not passed that apprenticeship in the

St. Luke's Institute which might perhaps qualify us to follow the flights of its pastor. Putting this and that together, we can only guess, very humbly, that "seamed with Roman military roads," and "a horrible mixture of German, French, and Italian," mean, in Mr. Jones's own certainly rather "strong dialect," the same thing.

Of Mr. Jones's own acquirements, all we can say from his autobiography is that, on his first Trip, the French tongue was familiarly known in his party as "Jones," seemingly because he alone could speak it. That he does not go beyond French we suspect from another passage. He is intensely amused at a brother cockney who would pronounce *Bâle* like *Basley*. To one who had gone a little deeper it might seem equally grotesque to call *Basel*, *Bâle*. As for English, Mr. Jones has, as we should have suspected, views of his own on that subject. He tells us of "a German professor, who spoke English with a grammatical conscientiousness almost painful." We wonder whether the Incumbent of St. Luke's took pains that no French hearers should be pained in the like sort when he himself was "talking Jones."

But let us return to politics:—

How the Swiss came to be free is hard to say in a few words; but they probably owe their present freedom from Continental interference as much to the nature of their country as to anything else. Tyrants of all kinds, whether represented by the mob or the monarch, are compelled to leave those alone whom they cannot get at. Some people think that universal suffrage makes Switzerland free, but universal up and down has more to do with it. You can't conquer a country thoroughly without a flat place to do it on. Advance against your Swiss, and they whiak up hill or round a corner while you are getting your range. At any rate, their liberty is of the right sort—home-grown—and therefore likely to last.

We congratulate Mr. Jones on floundering into a truth in the last sentence. But surely people in flat countries can do something too. Does the St. Luke's Reading-Room contain no book giving any account of Holland and Friesland? And unluckily Switzerland has once been conquered. And no doubt it could be conquered again—conquered, that is, in the same way that Xerxes may be said to have conquered at Thermopylae. But it would be far harder to conquer it now than it was in 1798. The resistance which the invaders then met with only in particular districts would now be met with everywhere. Perhaps, then, if not universal suffrage, yet that of which universal suffrage is, in the case of Switzerland, the result, may have had something to do with the matter after all. But let us have a longer political lecture from Mr. Harry Jones:—

On Monday we went to Berne by rail. This is the seat of government. Switzerland, though, as we all know, a republic, has been by no means so united a country as might be supposed. Perhaps, however, no form of government is so exposed to civil brawls as that in which several corporations affect equal power, and are under no prompt jurisdiction. Certain it is that the Swiss have had many contests among themselves, quite as bitter as might have been expected between enemies who differ in language and religion. The twenty-two cantons of which Switzerland is now composed were first united in 1814. But a few years previously to that, this cradle of Continental liberty was the scene of great oppression, the power being in the hands of a few reigning families and influential cantons. Even the brave mountaineers of Uri and Unterwalden, who had bled for their freedom, no sooner got it than they tyrannized sharply over their own dependents. Give any one sudden and great power, and he will, very probably, abuse it. The Liberal reformer, in office, becomes a strict Conservative. The slave who is freed will trample on his late master if he can. When you let a plummet go, it will swing as far from the true straight line as it was when in your hand, in the opposite direction. But we are getting away from Switzerland and its government.

Here are glimmerings of fact and glimmerings of reason. The union of twenty-two cantons for the first time in 1814 is true in a sense, but does Mr. Jones know in what sense only? The whole passage is amusingly characteristic of a man who has learned just enough of a subject to talk nonsense about it. But any subscriber to the St. Luke's Reading-Room who reads his daily paper with decent attention should surely know that, when the last "civil brawl" took place last year at Geneva, a tolerably "prompt jurisdiction" in the shape of the Federal Council soon brought both parties to reason.

Here is Mr. Jones at Bern, which he looks on as the "metropolis" of Switzerland. Anyhow he is nearer the mark than the *Times* Correspondent, who thought that New York was the "metropolis" of the United States:—

Happily there are few sights in the place. We didn't feel much inclined to visit the Museum, "containing one of the best collections of the natural productions of Switzerland;" for we were seeing the country itself.

The Minister is a fine building outside. There are several charitable institutions, and a tremendous prison.

The three sights we were taken to see were, the Bears, the Clock, and the distant Bernese Alps, which show beautifully from the high land about the town. The Bear is the *crest* [*sic*] of Berne, and appears everywhere, in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. There is a pit in the town, where three or four mangy brutes shuffle about, and open their mouths to the public for buns and nuts, quite unconscious of their heraldic distinction. One year an Englishman fell into their place and was killed by them. The unluckiest death one would expect is that by wild beasts, in the middle of a European town. But so it was; he tumbled in, somehow, and the bears killed him before he could be got out. Horrible! to be squeezed in the clutches of a beast one has read about in books of savage travel, within sight of your inn and a cabstand.

Now if a man feels happy that there are no sights in a place, had he not better save his money and stay at home? Why should a man, because he is in Switzerland, not see a collection of the natural objects of Switzerland? To learn that Bern contains objects besides those which he was taken to see—say a *Bundespalast* and a *Rathhaus*—would, we suppose, only make Mr. Jones sorrowful. But what a light this throws on the mind of a "chattering

tourist" who cannot explore a town for himself, but only goes to what he is "taken to see." "The Minister is a fine building outside." Does this mean that Mr. Jones saw the inside, and preferred, as any man of taste would, the outside; or does it merely mean that he was not "taken to see" the inside? But he could hardly have seen the outside without seeing the statue of Rudolf von Erlach. But, as he passes by Sempach without a word, it is no wonder that to him Laupen is meaningless. His whole historic enthusiasm is, oddly enough, confined to the people who speak the language seamed with Roman military roads.

The passage about the bears one can hardly read with patience. The unhappy accident, of the true nature of which Mr. Jones seems to know nothing, is really not a matter for laughing. But we cannot help laughing at the delightful little touch of cockneyism in the "cabstand." Thus much is clear; a bear is to Mr. Jones only "a beast one has read about in books of savage travel." Hence we infer that he is quite unconscious that bears may be seen in a pit, opening their mouths to the public, &c., much nearer than Bern to Berwick Street, Soho, and most unquestionably within sight of a cabstand.

Perhaps this is enough. The book is pretty, with many views of scenery; and, as we said, here and there Mr. Jones gets more rational. But what excuse can any man have for troubling the world with such nonsense as the passages that we have quoted? Mr. Jones went his "Regular Swiss Round" "unencumbered by any pressing desire to improve his own mind or that of his fellow-creatures." It is a great pity that he did not remain in this at least harmless disposition after he came home.

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MRS. MACREADY, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street.—St. James's, on Saturday Morning, November 11, at Three o'clock. Tickets and Reserved Seats to be procured at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 39 Old Bond Street; also at the other Libraries and Music-halls.

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WINTER EXHIBITION, under the Superintendence of Mr. WALKER, removed from the French Gallery to the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is now OPEN from Nine until Five o'clock Daily.—Admission, 1s.

MALVERN COLLEGE.—THE VACATION will begin on Wednesday, December 20, and the SCHOOL will re-assemble for the following Term on Wednesday, January 24. For information apply to the Rev. ARTHUR FARRER, M.A., Head-Master; to the Rev. CHARLES McDOWELL, M.A., and the Rev. F. B. DAWK, M.A., Boarding-House Masters; or to HENRY ADAMS, Esq., Secretary.

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